

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

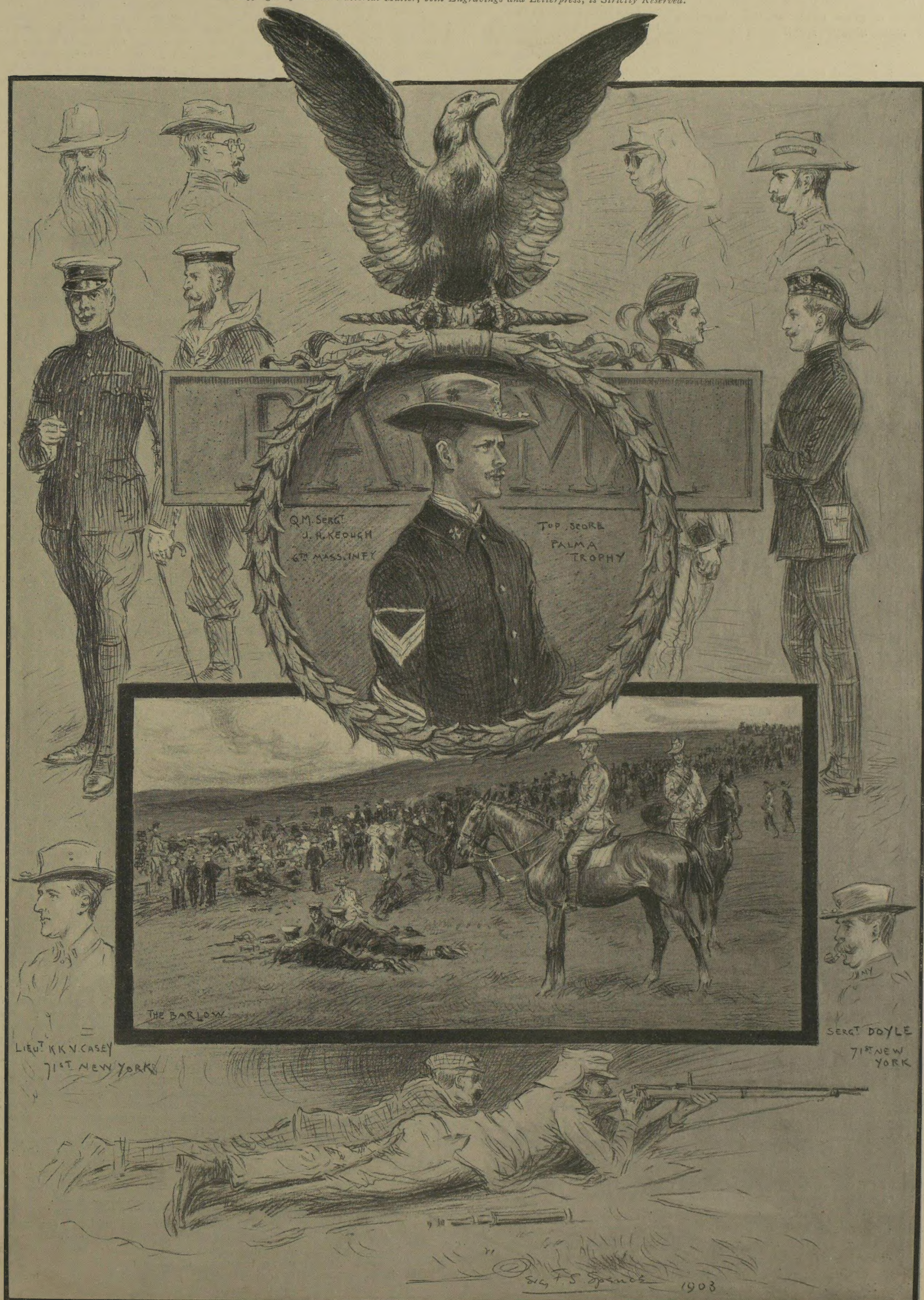
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THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH AT BISLEY: THE RECAPTURE OF THE PALMA TROPHY BY THE UNITED STATES, JULY 11.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

An exciting struggle ended in a victory for the United States by fifteen points. Great Britain was second.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"The brim of my hat had quite lost its shape." In this historic phrase M. Delcassé sums up his impressions of the popular welcome in London to the President of the Republic. When he set out to drive to the Guildhall M. Delcassé's hat-brim was a model of propriety; but when he arrived there it was totally deranged by incessant salutations to the friendly multitude. This little personal touch bears eloquent witness to the Minister's unaffected pleasure. When you carry on diplomacy with the skill, coolness, and success of M. Delcassé you do not, as a rule, look for satisfaction in hat-brims, and weave about them garlands of national sentiment. But in his office on the Quai d'Orsay the Minister should hang a trophy and a symbol. May I respectfully suggest a glass case for the shapeless hat-brim, which must always recall such gratifying memories?

Europe is much impressed by this *rapprochement*, and M. Delcassé's hat figures prominently in the meditations of Continental sages. It seems but yesterday that we were the outcasts of Christendom, and now the prestige of England sets the sages discussing a regrouping of the Powers. I wonder whether the righteous but short-sighted persons, who said that the South African War was our moral bankruptcy, are reconciled to the new turn of affairs, or whether they ascribe it to the inscrutable machinations of the principle of evil. France has made friends with us, and still the Dual Alliance is intact. Italy has renewed her traditional regard for us, and has been drawn into amicable relations with France. King Edward, who is the object of M. Delcassé's unstinted admiration, goes about performing miracles of diplomacy, and yet our national character is supposed by the amiable but shortsighted to be buried in the Transvaal. Is anybody so simple as to believe that all this could have happened if we had deferred to the wishes of Mr. Kruger? Would M. Loubet, the incarnation of that quiet shrewdness which our neighbours never lose, even in their most flamboyant moments, would he have paid his tribute to the "great political instinct" of the English people? Let not your discreet hearts think it.

A French statistician has been dwelling most aptly upon the commercial bonds between France and England. We are the customers of France to the tune of 30 per cent. of her foreign trade. The British tourist should swell with pride to learn that he contributes annually five hundred million francs to the petty cash of the French household. The figures are rather staggering, and I suspect an exaggeration somewhere. Commercial statistics are flying about just now in bewildering profusion. I have studied tables of exports and imports until my eyelids can no longer wag. Economists correct one another's millions every day; but even a moderate computation of what our tourists spend in France is so exhilarating that I want to borrow the remnant of M. Delcassé's immortal hat, and go waving it in a motor-car along the splendid roads of Normandy. That would be some appeasement to Rouen for the burning of Joan of Arc. Never can I forget the shades of an evening at Orleans, when I bought a new pair of cycling stockings, and put them on in the green arbour of an inn, discreetly veiled from the austere gaze of the noble statue of the Maid. That was a memorable contribution to the five hundred million francs of the exuberant statistician!

Maupassant, in one of his brilliant sketches, has recorded the opinion of a Norman gentleman who viewed us with an unfavourable animus. He thought we were still living in the days of the Black Prince, and might be expected to ravage Normandy at any moment. In her delightful autobiography Madame Adam tells us how the people of Picardy, in her youthful years, still cherished resentful memories of the British tourist when he was a man of war. They had not yet made the acquaintance of the Black Prince as the distributor of five hundred million francs! Perhaps they knew the tourist when he was short of cash, like Thackeray on the famous occasion which evoked a ballad—

My heart is weary, my peace is gone;
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

But that is all changed now; and Titmarsh, were he still with us; would be drinking in cider, or any generous beverage that happened to be going, a toast to M. Delcassé's hat-brim.

Next week we shall welcome another flock of French visitors—Senators and Deputies who are coming over to discuss arbitration with members of Parliament. Whether an Arbitration Treaty with France is a feasible scheme is a point on which the most sympathetic politicians in both countries may not be agreed. I do not see M. Delcassé binding himself to refer French fishing rights off the Newfoundland shore to arbitration.

Still, nothing but good can spring out of the visit of the Senators and Deputies. Back will go more damaged hat-brims as proofs of our goodwill!

A recent discussion of Froude's accuracy has prompted a friend of mine to send me a memorandum on a curious lapse of Carlyle's. In his "French Revolution" occurs a passage which is founded upon an incident described by Goethe in his "Campaign in France, 1792." Retreating in a storm of rain, the King of Prussia did not see fit to put on his overcoat, and two French Princes who accompanied him were sadly drenched because etiquette compelled them to follow his example. A distinguished *émigré* narrated the melancholy story to Goethe, who says: "Then we learned that the King, on the departure from Glorieux, in spite of the most terrible rain, had put on no overcoat and no cloak; and as the royal Princes had been therefore obliged to deprive themselves of the protection of similar garments, our Marquis, with the deepest grief, had beheld them lightly clad, and wet through and through." Carlyle's version is oddly different: "His Majesty of Prussia had a greatcoat when the rain came; and (contrary to all known laws) he put it on, though our two French Princes, the hope of their country, had none." ("French Revolution," Part III., Book I., Chap. 7.)

It was not Carlyle's habit to miss the humour of a situation; yet he seems to have completely missed it here. There was no lack of overcoats; but the King of Prussia had the whimsical idea of breaking all known laws by marching through the rain without one. If he had carried the whim further by braving the elements without any clothing whatever, etiquette would apparently have forced the luckless Princes to do the same. It is absurd, says my correspondent, to suppose that the King would have been guilty of a breach of hospitality by wearing an overcoat when his companions had no overcoats. In the actual case it was far more absurd for them to forego the means of keeping dry because he had a fancy to get wet. By a mistranslation of Goethe's text Carlyle lost a rare opportunity for a characteristic digression into his philosophy of clothes. How did such a writer fall into such a blunder? Perhaps Sir James Crichton-Browne will clear up the mystery by showing that Mrs. Carlyle, in a neurotic fit, broke in upon the historian's labours at this critical moment, and ruined the scene. But if Froude had mistaken the facts so thoroughly, he would have been accused of a deliberate attempt to blacken the King of Prussia's moral character.

When great men stumble like this, the small folk may thank their stars that they are accurate now and then. I ventured lately to describe an incident I witnessed in Boston nearly twenty years ago, when the Harvard students marched in feminine night attire, carrying large candlesticks. Imagine my feelings on receiving a letter signed, "One Who Paraded in the Procession of 1884!" I read the signature and gasped for breath. Shade of Froude! was it possible that my memory had played me false? Was this Harvard man about to crush me with the disclosure that I had mixed up his procession with something quite different? "Happening to pick up *The Illustrated London News* in a Vienna coffee-house," he wrote, "I notice you comment on the costumes of American students. Permit me to call your attention—" (I gasped again. This awful civility is so often the prelude to disaster. "Permit me to call your attention to a libel on Harvard University which will entitle you to be tarred and feathered when next you find yourself in an American city." Oh, yes! Read on, Macduff!) "—to the fact that the Harvard students, parading in burlesque costumes, with feminine nightgowns and nightcaps, were taking part in a torch-light parade, and it was expected that they should make as much fun for the occasion as possible."

I swooned with joy. No bungling after all! I dismissed the ghost of Froude. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! I take my modest stand with the accurate historians. Oh, that Boston night in 1884! I remember particularly the stalwart form of a youth who bore his candlestick, and wore his nightcap, with a burlesque decorum that would not have shamed Mr. Edward Terry in the bygone times of the "Old Gaiety." It must have been the very man who writes to me. Destiny has brought us together; and if he were not so far away as Vienna I would fall upon his neck with that mingled emotion and dignity so becoming to the accurate historian whose accuracy is triumphantly proclaimed to a sceptical world. But there is more: "The Yale students you alluded to as parading in mortarboards and gowns were taking part in graduating exercises—an entirely different thing." Most true. The mortarboard is a very serious headpiece, and the University gown is not the airy garment of the night. When the student marches with a pantomime candlestick, he is not graduating. I add these illuminating footnotes to my historical text with profound gratitude to a brother commentator.

PARLIAMENT.

Desultory skirmishing around the Fiscal Inquiry is carried on in both Houses. Lord Northbrook, in the Lords, opened a discussion on the position of India. He said that the 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty levied in India upon imports could not be regarded as "seriously protective," and argued that any system of preferential trading must lessen the benefits which India enjoyed under Free Trade. The relations between a 5 per cent. duty and Free Trade were not very clearly explained in the debate. Lord Lansdowne stated that India had not been mentioned by Mr. Chamberlain because it was not within the Colonial Secretary's province, but unquestionably a due regard would be paid to the opinion of the Indian Government. In the Commons Mr. Balfour denied that any scheme of preferential trading would interfere with self-government in the Colonies. It was a reasonable hope, he said, that the information collected by the Government would be submitted to Parliament before the close of the session.

The Motor Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords after a declaration by Lord Balfour that the Government would consent to the extension of licenses to amateurs as well as professional drivers. He deprecated the imposition of any test of skill. It had not been successful in France, and experience showed that it was not incompetent drivers who were most reckless. Lord Kelvin offered the suggestion that the speed limit should not be abolished except with the sanction of local authorities. The Bill already entrusts the local authorities with an indefinite discretion as to the variation of speed within prescribed areas.

The London Education Bill has revived in Committee some of the familiar controversies. Sir William Anson proposed a compromise as to the proportions of school managers to be appointed by the Borough Councils and the County Council. At attempt to vest the entire control of the management in the County Council was defeated.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MRS. CAMPBELL AGAIN AS PAULA TANQUERAY.

With another Paula Tanqueray lately in the field, Mrs. Patrick Campbell does students of acting a service by reviving at the New Theatre her own impersonation of Mr. Pinero's heroine. Simultaneously, to judge by booking rumours, she is pleasing the public, which recognises "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," despite its abuse of coincidence and its unconvincing finale of suicide, as an admirably "well-made play," notable for its expository skill and its masterly delineation of a limited feminine type—limited, because this frail Paula is essentially English and snobbish: indeed, only the original English representative seems able to suggest her parochial aspirations. But as Mrs. Tanqueray generally, Mrs. Campbell quite outshines her rivals. She realises, as they do not, the woman of nerves, and expresses her at all points. She does not sentimentalise Paula's nature or exaggerate her bohemianism like Jane Hading, or de-individualise her into a tragic figure of remorse like Signora Duse. She presents still, her mechanical bursts of intensity notwithstanding, the creature of Mr. Pinero's conception. Mrs. Campbell's present support is thoroughly adequate; Mr. Arliss offers a clever if finicking study of Cayley Drummle, and Mr. Aubrey Smith endows the priggish Tanqueray with agreeable ease of manner.

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE," REVIVED AT THE GARRICK.

A standard piece like "Mrs. Tanqueray" apart, light fare seems to suit theatre-goers best during the dog days, and so Mr. Bouchier is probably wise in reserving Mr. Haddon Chambers's new play, "Golden Silence," till autumn, and re-staging just now Mr. Carson and Mrs. Craigie's amiable little comedy of "The Bishop's Move." Not over witty or ingenious, almost devoid of development of either plot or character, this sentimental trifle has nevertheless a charming atmosphere in its old-world abbey, and it fits Mr. Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh with rôles—those of the gentle old Bishop and the fascinating Duchess—which are delightfully appropriate to the suave manner of the one and the piquant individuality of the other. Since, too, that well-matched pair, Miss Jessie Bateman and Mr. H. B. Warner, again play the young lovers, and Mr. Frank Mills is now in the cast, the Garrick interpretation could not easily be bettered.

MUSIC.

The musical season dies quickly, and before the larger social season appears to be satiated with entertainment, musical activity is already waning. During the last week the concert that had pre-eminence was the farewell of Herr Kubelik, on Saturday last, July 11, at the St. James's Hall. It was his first appearance in London as the leader of a quartet, and he chose for this the quartet in C, No. 2, of Haydn. The remainder of the quartet were Herr Zacharewitsch, Herr Ludwig Schwab, and Herr Paul Grümmer. As the leader of an admirable performance Herr Kubelik was excellent. Herr Grümmer's delightful playing of the violoncello contributed greatly to the general effect. As solos Kubelik played Sarasate's Fantaisie on airs from "Carmen." He also gave, for the first time, Wieniawski's Concerto in F sharp minor, No. 1. Frau Frieda Kwast Hodapp played some pianoforte solos, and excelled in Liszt's Rhapsody No. 12, and the "Liebestraum."

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Barnstaple	5.55	7.50	9.25	11.10	12.00	1.35	3.25	5.25	7.25	9.25
Exeter	6.05	8.00	9.35	11.20	12.10	1.45	3.35	5.35	7.35	9.35
Teignmouth	6.15	8.10	9.45	11.30	12.20	1.55	3.45	5.45	7.45	9.45
Torquay	6.25	8.20	9.55	11.40	12.30	2.05	3.55	5.55	7.55	9.55
Plymouth	6.35	8.30	10.05	11.50	12.40	2.15	4.05	6.05	8.05	10.05
Newquay	6.45	8.40	10.15	12.00	12.50	2.25	4.15	6.15	8.15	10.15
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Penmaenmawr ..	arr. 3.00	7.23
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London (Euston) ..	dep. 11.0	1.30
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London (King's Cross) dep.	5.15	7.15	8.45	9.45	10.10	10.20	10.35	10.55	11.25	11.45
Sheringham arr.	10.14	11.16	12.46	1.46	2.10	2.20	2.35	2.55	3.25	3.45
Cromer (Beach) ..	10.25	11.27	12.57	1.57	2.21	2.31	2.46	3.06	3.36	3.56
Mundesley-on-Sea ..	11.2	12.4	1.14	2.14	2.38	2.48	3.03	3.23	3.53	4.13
Skegness ..	9.29	11.20	1.15	2.15	2.39	2.49	3.04	3.24	3.54	4.14
Ilkley ..	10.17	12.41	—	—	2.3	2.43	3.08	3.28	3.58	4.18
Harrogate ..	10.48	1.0	—	—	2.38	2.48	3.13	3.33	4.03	4.23
Scarborough ..	11.15	—	—	—	2.22	2.32	2.57	3.17	3.47	4.07
Whitby ..	12.19	—	—	—	3.45	3.55	4.20	4.40	5.10	5.30
Filey ..	11.37	2.59	3.16	3.43	4.23	4.33	4.58	5.18	5.48	6.08
Bridlington ..	11.30	2.018	2.46	3.5	4.17	4.27	4.52	5.12	5.42	6.02
Redcar ..	12.13	—	—	—	3.55	4.05	4.30	4.50	5.20	5.40
Salisbury ..	12.28	—	—	—	4.10	4.20	4.45	5.05	5.35	5.55
Seaton Carew ..	12.17	—	—	—	4.58	5.08	5.33	5.53	6.23	6.43

WEEK-DAYS.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.	pm.
London (King's Cross) dep.	12.30	1.30	2.40	3.40	4.45	5.45	6.45	7.45	8.45	9.45
Sheringham arr.	—	—	5.43	6.43	7.3	8.3	9.3	10.3	11.3	12.3
Cromer (Beach) ..	—	—	5.50	6.50	7.15	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.15	12.15
Mundesley-on-Sea ..	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Skegness ..	—	—	6.37	7.37	8.37	9.37	10.37	11.37	12.37	1.37
Ilkley ..	—	—	6.8	7.8	8.8	9.8	10.8	11.8	12.8	1.8
Harrogate ..	—	—	6.48	7.48	8.48	9.48	10.48	11.48	12.48	1.48
Scarborough ..	—	—	7.57	8.57	9.57	10.57	11.57	12.57	1.57	2.57
Whitby ..	—	—	8.59	9.59	10.59	11.59	12.59	1.59	2.59	3.59
Filey ..	—	—	9.41	10.41	11.41	12.41	1.41	2.41	3.41	4.41
Bridlington ..	—	—	9.38	10.38	11.38	12.38	1.38	2.38	3.38	4.38
Redcar ..	—	—	9.51	10.51	11.51	12.51	1.51	2.51	3.51	4.51
Salisbury ..	—	—	9.38	10.38	11.38	12.38	1.38	2.38	3.38	4.38
Seaton Carew ..	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

* Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. † Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. ‡ Mondays and Fridays only. A On Sunday mornings arrives Filey 11.34, Bridlington 12, Redcar 7.55, Saltburn 8.12, and Seaton Carew 8.16. B First and Third Class Luncheon Car Express. C On Sunday Mornings is due Ilkley at 11.3. D First and Third Class Corridor Luncheon and Dining Car Express. E Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays, and will not run after Aug. 22. G Saturdays only. K Not on Sunday Mornings. L On Sundays is due Harrogate 8.4 a.m. M On Saturdays arrives 2.13 p.m. N From Aug. 1 to Sept. 12. O Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays from July 10 to Sept. 7 arrives at 1.48 p.m. R On Sundays arrives 8.15 a.m. S Bank Holidays excepted. U Sunday Mornings only.

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables, &c., at Stations and Town Offices.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

HOLIDAYS ON THE EAST COAST.

IMPROVED EXPRESS SERVICE. } YARMOUTH in 2 hours 50 minutes.
LOWESTOFT in 2 hours 45 minutes.
CROMER in 2 hours 55 minutes.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING
AT EASTBOURNE.

Eastbourne is counting itself fortunate in that its season has been inaugurated by a visit of the King, who spent last Sunday at Compton Place as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, who has been so closely connected with the growth of the town. His Majesty was received at the station with the customary ceremony—red carpet and flowers, Mayor and Councillors with the inevitable address, and band and guard of honour—and after inspecting the Eastbourne College Cadets, took his seat in his host's four-horsed carriage. The drive to Compton Place was by a route covering over a mile of streets, and everywhere his Majesty was warmly greeted.

THE BALL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
BOROUGH HOUSE.

The ball at Marlborough House on July 13—the first given by the Prince and Princess of Wales since they entered into possession of the palace that once called the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet master—proved an exceptionally brilliant function. The King and Queen, all the members of the royal family in town, and a distinguished company were present. The accommodation provided by the house itself being insufficient, a temporary ball-room, with the customary appurtenances of supper and other rooms, was erected on the southern lawn, and the northern part was enlarged to admit more easily the long line of carriages.

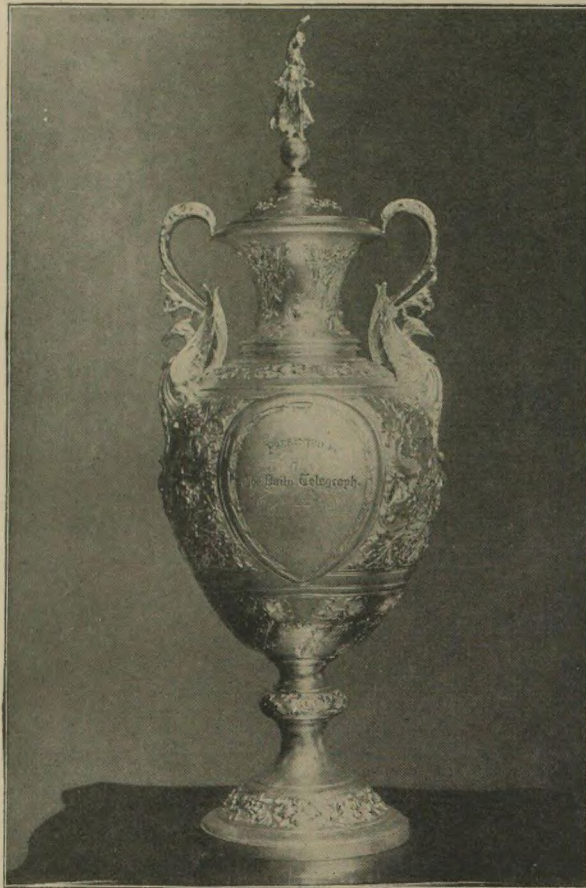
THE ROYAL VISIT TO
IRELAND.

Dublin is again disturbed at the idea of a royal visit to the "distressful country," and has decided not to present an address of welcome on the occasion of the King's visit. The meeting was, of course, attended with disorder, and determined attempts were made to enter the City Hall after the doors were locked and barred, panels being smashed, and the police having to be called in before the unruly crowd could be dispersed. Alderman Cotton proposed the presentation of the address, and Mr. Tallon and Mr. Irwin seconded the motion. Mr. Nannetti, M.P., however, opposed it, and argued that the citizens wished to give the King a respectful welcome, and nothing more. The Lord Mayor, while stating that he would be no party to making the name of the country offensive to the King, opined that there was not sufficient justification for introducing the address from the Corporation, and stated that it was not a question of paying deference to the King, but a competition between beggars for titles. The motion to present an address was defeated by forty votes to thirty-seven.

PRESIDENT LOUBET'S
DEPARTURE.

The last clear day (July 8) of President Loubet's memorable and momentous visit was marked by the King's Review of the First Army Corps at Aldershot in the afternoon, and the State Ball at Buckingham Palace in the evening. Both functions presented spectacles of the utmost brilliancy, and his Majesty, as usual, improved the occasion with his unflinching tact and happy phrase. "If, M. le Président," he said at the Review to M. Loubet, "you admire my soldiers half as much as I admired yours at Vincennes, I shall be satisfied, and I will add that I shall

time for leave-taking. Cordial compliments were exchanged between the King, the President, and M. Delcassé, and the King clasped both M. Loubet's hands in his own. At Dover, Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, General Sir Leslie Rundle, and the Mayor took leave of M. Loubet, who was conveyed on board the *Guichen* by the harbour steamer *Lady Vita*. Torpedo-boat destroyers formed the escort, and the war-ships thundered a salute as the French man-of-war cast off. For a long time M. Loubet remained on the bridge gazing on those white cliffs to which he had brought so brave an augury of



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP FOR BISLEY.

Prominent among the many prizes offered for competition at the Bisley Meeting of the National Rifle Association is the Cup presented by the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph." This beautiful trophy, the order for which was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, consists of a richly chased two-handled vase, standing, with its ebonised plinth, 38 in. in height. It is surmounted by a figure of Victory.

Anglo-Gallic friendship and peace. Just before leaving he telegraphed his "liveliest gratitude" to his Majesty, who replied that he trusted the *rapprochement* between the two countries might be lasting.

THE "ENTENTE
CORDIALE."

The *Figaro* suggests that the *entente cordiale* between France and England should include an agreement to abolish allusions to Agincourt, Crecy, and other antiquated bloodshed, to drop Sir Hudson Lowe, to poke no more fun at the English in comic songs, and to exact a pledge from them never to go to the Paris Opera in flannels. These points might be settled without difficulty. The only trouble is with the pictorial caricaturists. On our side we must leave off drawing pictures of French bathers terrified when the water is above their ankles. On the French side, the comic artists must refrain from exhibiting us in impossible check suits. It might be well for the caricaturists to interchange their local habitations for a while, so as to make studies at first hand, and not according to tradition. Mr. Gould might spend a month or two in Paris, and Caran d'Ache instal himself in London. Such arrangements should be liberally subsidised by their respective Governments. Carefully nursed on these lines, the *entente cordiale* would become the flower of human brotherhood.

OUR AMERICAN
VISITORS.

No more welcome or honoured guests have recently set foot on our shores than the good men and true of Uncle Sam's Navy, who began a flying visit to this country on July 7. The squadron, which came to Portsmouth from Kiel, where it had enjoyed the Kaiser's hospitality, was under the command of Admiral Cotton, and consisted of the flag-ship *Kearsarge*, the cruisers *San Francisco* and *Chicago*, and the gun-boat *Machias*. Many festivities had been prepared for our gallant cousins' entertainment, and these began with the Mayor of Portsmouth's luncheon on July 8 to eight hundred of the men. The same evening a dinner was given at Whitehall to the senior officers by the First Lord of the Admiralty; and later, thirty officers were received by his Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and attended the State Ball. On the evening of July 9 the Admiral and his officers dined with the King; and the same day they were the guests of the Pilgrims' Club, that excellent institution which, during a comparatively brief existence, has done so much to promote Anglo-American cordiality.

THE PILGRIMS'
LUNCH TO
U.S. OFFICERS.

The entertainment was held at the Carlton Hotel, under the chairmanship of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. The chairman and the energetic secretary, Mr. H. E. Brittain, received the guests, who included Rear-Admiral Charles Cotton, Captain Walker,

Captain Magill, Captain Thorpe, Captain H. C. Stockton, Captain Hemphill, Captain Cornwell, and other officers of the United States Navy; Lord Grenfell, Mr. Joseph Choate, Mr. Chauncey Depew, Admiral Lord Charles Scott, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, Lord George Hamilton, M.P., Admiral Sir J. Dalrymple Hay, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Mr. L. J. Hale (assistant secretary). The Prince of Wales wrote expressing his great regret that engagements prevented his being present. Lord Charles Beresford proposed the health of the King, and thereafter that of the President of the United States, dwelling felicitously upon the King's mission as a peacemaker and upon the regard entertained by Englishmen for Mr. Roosevelt, who, he said, would, if he visited us, be welcomed more heartily here than in any other country in the world. Lord Charles concluded by proposing the health of the U.S. Navy, coupled with the name of Admiral Cotton. The Admiral, in his reply, referred humorously to the chance that he might to-day have been an Englishman had not his ancestor, John Cotton, had a difference of opinion with Laud. The American sailors, he said, were deeply touched by the truly royal welcome they had received. Three cheers for the two Navies closed a memorable gathering. There were many other festivities, including a banquet at the Mansion House, and on July 13 the Prince of Wales breakfasted with Admiral Cotton on board the *Kearsarge*.

THE POPE.

The wonderful vitality of the aged Pontiff maintained him through the unequal struggle with death for a longer time than could have been deemed possible. His health had long been frail, but, considering his ninety-three years, his vigour was extraordinary, and it was with something of a shock that the world learned, on July 6, that his Holiness had taken a sudden turn for the worse, consequent on a chill caught during an early morning walk in the Vatican. Symptoms of pneumonia appeared, and Drs. Mazzoni and Lapponi did not deny that the end was near. The Pope's mind remained clear; he attended to personal affairs, saw his kinsfolk, and dictated, with the remark that the lines would be his last, a set of those elegant and pathetic Latin verses for which Leo XIII. will be remembered. He sent them to the Vatican Press at once, desiring to see a proof before his eyes should close on the world. He suffered little except from restlessness. Preparations for the Conclave were instituted by the Vatican architects, and up to July 10 everything seemed to point to the Pope's early demise, but his Holiness made a wonderful rally after two operations, and some were sanguine enough even to speak of recovery. Drs. Mazzoni and Lapponi were reinforced by Professor Rossoni, with whom frequent consultations were held. On the evening of July 13 the three physicians issued a bulletin acknowledging that the Pope's strength was decreasing, and it was again thought that the end was at hand.

HENLEY REGATTA.

The first day's attendance at Henley Regatta, the chief function at which Suburbia in excelsis and Society annually rub flannelled shoulders, was, for no very apparent reason, distinctly below the average this year. The second and third days, however, showed a decided increase in the number of



THE ONSLOW FORD MEMORIAL, UNVEILED JULY 13.

The monument, which is erected in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, was unveiled by Sir L. Alma-Tadema.

be very proud." At the Ball the King stayed later than is his wont, and danced several times. Despite the fatigues of their engagements, the King and the President were early astir on the morning of the 9th, and at eight o'clock the two Chiefs of State met once more at Victoria Station, in presence of a representative gathering, this



THE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN MEMORIAL, UNVEILED JULY 10.

Princess Louise unveiled the monument in the garden facing the Savoy Theatre, so closely associated with the composer's work.

spectators, and the occasion may therefore be voted a success. A number of fine contests were witnessed, notably that between Jesus College, Oxford, and the Avon Rowing Club, Bath, in the first heat for the Thames Cup; the race between Cloutie and Haffner for the Diamonds; and the finals for the Grand

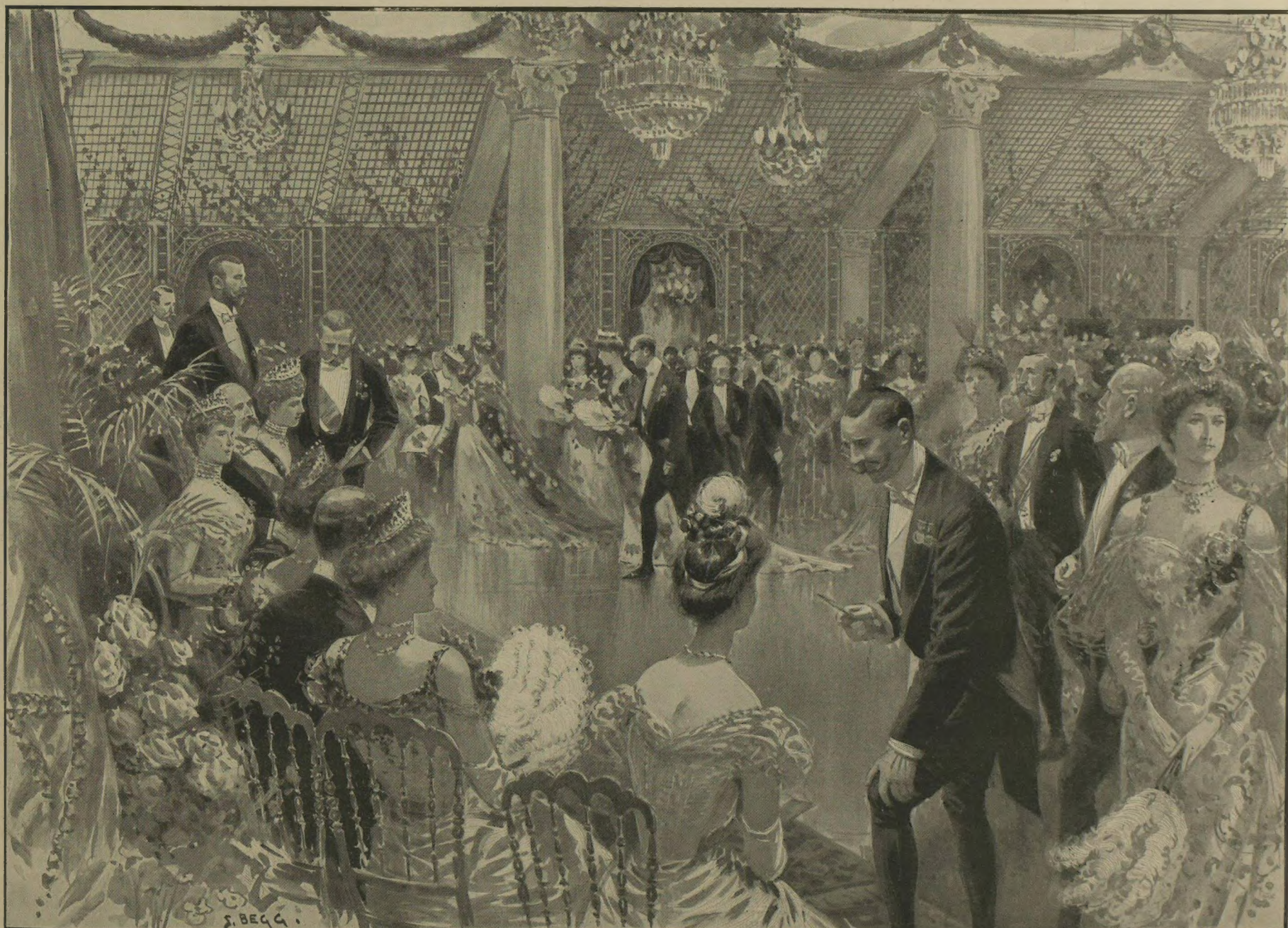
A ROYAL VISIT AND A ROYAL BALL

DRAWINGS BY S. BEGG, THE UPPER ONE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. BREACH.



THE FIRST VISIT OF A REIGNING MONARCH TO THE EASTBOURNE SEAT OF THE CAVENDISHES: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT COMPTON PLACE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, JULY 11.

The King drove from the station in the Duke's carriage, drawn by four horses with outriders, and escorted by mounted constables.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S STATE BALL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, JULY 13: THE SCENE IN THE TEMPORARY PAVILION.

The temporary ball-room was erected on one of the lawns. The King and Queen, with all the members of the royal family in town, were present. Their Majesties occupied a position on a dais at the southern end of the room.

Challenge Cup, the Thames Challenge Cup, the Silver Goblets, and the Stewards' Challenge Cup.

THE RELIEF OF THE "DISCOVERY."

Somewhat tardily, the Government has moved in the matter of the relief of the *Discovery* from her icebound position in her winter quarters in the Antarctic, and with extra thoroughness has decided to act independently of the Royal Geographical Society. The Admiralty has accordingly chartered the appropriately named Dundee-built whaler *Terra Nova*, the largest vessel of her class afloat, and will fit her out in the Firth of Tay. This will take some three months, after which she will probably start at once.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.

General Sir C. C. Egerton, the new Commander-in-Chief in Somaliland, has been busily engaged in surveying the situation, and is shortly to send home a report. This is to be laid before the authorities in order to give them assistance in formulating plans for the further conduct of the campaign. If it be true that our chase of the very sane "Mad" Mullah has already cost some three millions, it is quite time some decision was come to.

THE LATE FATHER ANTROBUS.

The Rev. Father Frederick Antrobus, twice Superior of Brompton Oratory, who died on July 12, was both diplomatist and priest. His proficiency in modern languages was notable while he was at Eton, and this was no doubt one of his reasons for entering the Diplomatic Service. Beginning his official life as Second Secretary at Washington, he afterwards filled similar positions at St. Petersburg and in Paris. While in the latter city he entered the Roman Catholic Church, three years afterwards joining the Oratorians. Father Antrobus was the son of the late Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., and brother of the present Baronet. He found

one of his chief interests in the study of history, and he added many valuable historical works to the library of which he was custodian.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE FATHER ANTROBUS.

The inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company by its Captain-General and Colonel, the King, gained additional interest this year from the fact that some two hundred of its members will shortly start for America to attend the anniversary celebration of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, a corps which, as his Majesty pointed out in his speech, had its origin in the Honourable Artillery Company about the middle of the seventeenth century. The ceremony, which was held on the Horse Guards' Parade, departed little, if at all, from tradition. His Majesty first inspected the lines, and then went to the saluting-point for the march past. The artillery led the way, marching in column of batteries, and were followed by the infantry in column of companies with signallers in front. On the return, the artillery trotted past; the infantry marched in quarter column. An advance was made in review order and a royal salute was given. After the King's speech and Lord Denbigh's acknowledgment on behalf of his officers and men, the proceedings terminated with three cheers for his Majesty. Nearly six hundred men were on parade.

THE LATE W. E. HENLEY.

Poet, editor, playwright, and critic, the late William Ernest Henley, who died on July 11 at the age of fifty-four, was not, perhaps, as well known to the general public as the merit of much of his work entitled him to be. The greater part of his life was a continual battle against ill-health, and it was this, no doubt, that lent to some of his work a certain acerbity of tone, and to some of his criticisms in particular an undue harshness. Born at Gloucester in 1849, of yeoman stock, he was educated at the Crypt Grammar School, in his native town, and early turned to literature. His first book, "In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms," was the result of two years' confinement in the Old Infirmary, Edinburgh, and formed the opening of "A Book of Verses," which have been described, in view of the conditions under which they were written, as "the most heroic achievement of an English poet." It was in the infirmary that Robert Louis Stevenson first met him—a poet "who sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE W. E. HENLEY,
POET AND CRITIC.

palace or the great King's palace of the blue air"; and it was the success of the book imagined there that prompted him to start the *Scotts Observer*, afterwards published in London as the *National Observer*. Stevenson and he collaborated in the writing of four plays—"Deacon Brodie," produced in Edinburgh in 1884; "Beau Austin," produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree in 1890; and "Admiral Guinea" and "Macaire," both of which were performed a few times. For years the two writers were close friends, a fact that made Henley's attack on "R. L. S." some two years ago both unexpected and regrettable. Mr. Henley's poetic work was marked by a strong individuality, an individuality that did not always commend itself to his critics, more especially in his most recent poem "Speed," the glorification of the motor-car.

THE BISLEY MEETING.

The British Olympia—for so the National Rifle Meeting may, without much strain of the historical parallel, be called—opened on July 11 with the international match for the Palma Trophy, which was to have been shot for by teams representing Great Britain, the Colonies, America, France, Russia, Norway, and Switzerland, but the Russians, Norwegians, and Swiss failed to appear. The final tussle, which was watched with an interest almost approaching that aroused by the King's Prize, was fought out between the United States and the home team, the former recapturing the trophy by fifteen points. The distances were 800, 900, and 1000 yards, fifteen rounds at each.

THE FAR EAST.

The questions in the Far East, despite numerous meritorious attempts to prevent a conflagration by discounting their value, still occupy an important place in the world's outlook. On July 9 Port Arthur was stated to be a centre of great Russian military activity, and the scene of the most momentous meeting of Russian officials ever held in the Far East. Daily conferences have been held, professedly in order that General Kuropatkin may obtain the fullest information with regard to his country's interests and work in that part of the world. Officialdom, while professing no fear

of Japan as a foe, naturally enough deprecates the prevalent "war talk." Meantime, Russia has eight battle-ships and cruisers and forty-five smaller craft and some thirty thousand troops at Port Arthur. General Kuropatkin and his staff left China on July 13.

DISCOVERY OF A PRAXITELEAN HEAD AT RICHMOND.

The committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club are to be congratulated on the splendid loan exhibition which they have brought together in Savile Row. All lovers of Greek art must be grateful to them. A special debt of gratitude is owed to Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, who took so prominent a part in the work of collection and selection, and who, in so short a time, has presented a catalogue of remarkable completeness—a piece of work the difficulty of which can only be fully appreciated by those who have attempted a similar task. But I hope it will not appear ungracious if I express my regret that she should have followed blindly her loyal instinct as a disciple of Professor Furtwängler in adopting his identifications, which, in the form in which they are presented to a wider public, are banefully misleading. Professor Furtwängler, the extent of whose knowledge and the intensity of whose industry are unquestionable, is often utterly devoid of critical insight and restraint in cases of artistic interpretation—so different in this respect from our great master, the late Heinrich von Brunn. Many of the identifications thus presented to the public by Mrs. Strong in a dogmatic form are more than doubtful. I shall deal with these on some future occasion. At present I shall single out one which bears directly on the

discovery I have just made. The beautiful Petworth head of Aphrodite is, on the authority of Professor Furtwängler, dogmatically put down as a "Greek original by Praxiteles." I hope elsewhere to give a detailed criticism of this view. Meanwhile, I feel bound to say that this Greek head, beautiful though it be, shows characteristics distinctly not to be ascribed to the hand of Praxiteles. These are to be found in the treatment of the fleshy neck (inordinately thick

in the lower portion), in the work about the mouth, and the "drawing" of the hair, as well as in the exaggerated "circumlitio" of the hair and the "sfumato" treatment of the eyes. These present later exaggerations of Praxitelean style. We might hypothetically refer the work to one of the followers of Praxiteles, such as his son Kephisodotus. We are much nearer the age, if not the actual hand, of the great Praxiteles in a specimen which Professor Furtwängler has elsewhere described as "a mediocre work." The statue is in the collection of Sir Frederic Cook at Doughty House, Richmond, and is here reproduced for the first time in our Illustrations. I venture to maintain that the head of this statue is nearer to the art of Praxiteles than any other work in existence, excepting the Hermes discovered at Olympia. Whether the head belongs to the statue (put together after having been violently broken into many pieces) or not is a question I shall have to treat at length when studying kindred statues, such as the similar figure in the Vatican, at St. Petersburg, in Lansdowne House, etc. The head is in excellent preservation, the only fractures having been on the top, the tip of the nose (the original tip, probably fixed on after fracture), and a few ends of the locks of hair. The chief characteristics of style and artistic feeling to be found in the Hermes of Olympia, the Eros of Centocelli in the Vatican, and the Faun of the Capitol—works universally ascribed to Praxiteles—are most strikingly illustrated in this one head. Moreover, the exquisite modelling of the locks (through which a wreath or diadem of metal was originally passed), the perfect moulding of the features, and the refined finish of the marble work, constrainingly point to the fourth century B.C. I would ask the reader to examine carefully (if possible with a magnifying-glass) the delicate modelling of the mouth, and then to compare this work with that of the Petworth head. I must defer the fuller establishment of this identification to a specially archaeological publication. Meanwhile, in view of the gratification felt in the fact that we possess such a work of art in England, and the widespread interest which the Burlington Fine Arts Club has succeeded in arousing among the public, I have accepted the hospitality offered me by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News* to make a preliminary publication of the discovery here.—CHARLES WALDSTEIN.



THE NEW SERVIAN STAMP:
KING ALEXANDER'S
HEAD DEFACED BY THE
SERVIAN ARMS.

These stamps were quite recently printed in Paris, and bear the portrait of the late King Alexander. This portrait is now obliterated by an overprint of the Servian coat-of-arms. The stamps of this issue have never been sold without this overprint.



A STATION LOST TO "BRADSHAW": THE WELSH HARP.

This month the Midland trains discontinued stopping at the familiar Welsh Harp, as the service at Hendon is more convenient. The station thus closes a history of thirty years.

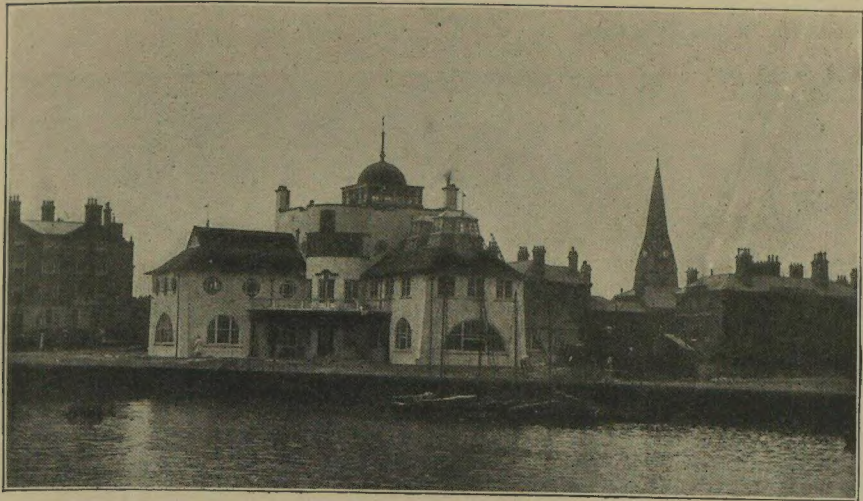


Photo. Blyth.

IMPROVEMENTS AT LOWESTOFT: THE NEW ROYAL NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

The Club House was opened by Lord Claud Hamilton on July 11. It faces the Yacht Basin.

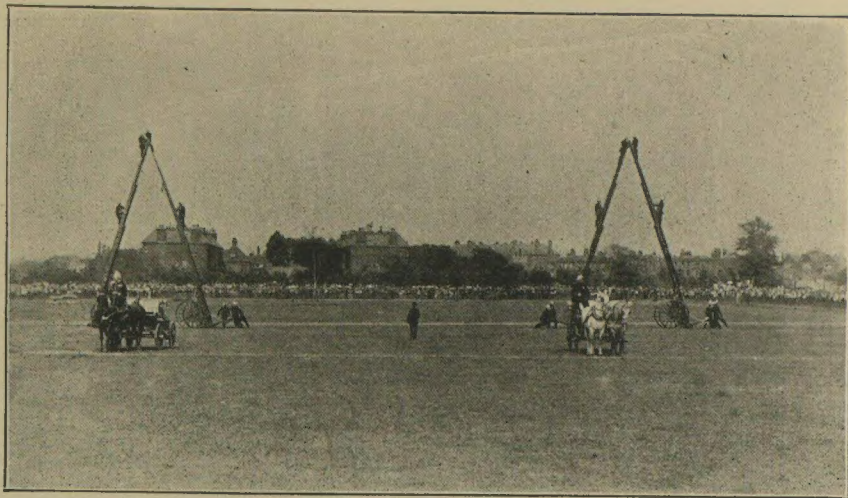


Photo. Helsby.

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE REVIEW, JULY 11: THE HORSED-ESCAPE DISPLAY.

The exhibition took place on Clapham Common, and the novelty of the occasion was the motor-engine. Six horsed-escapes also paraded.

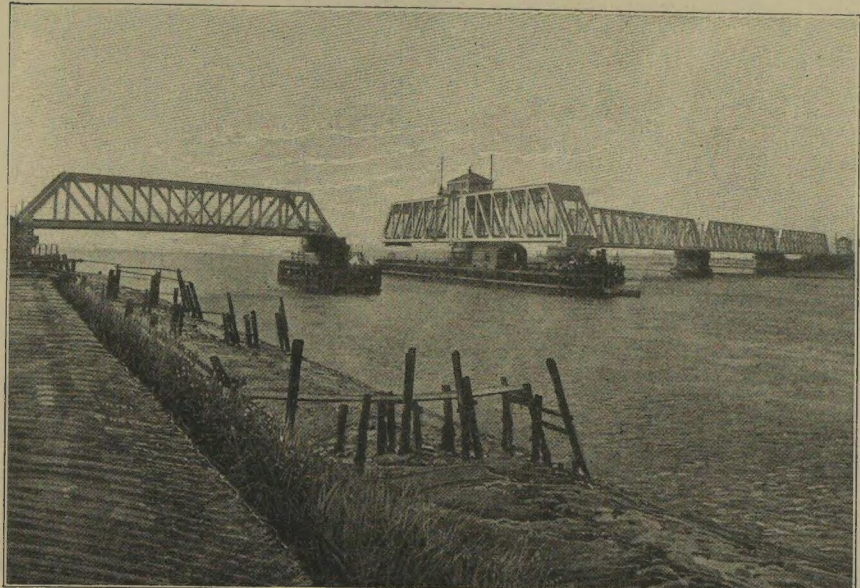


Photo. Blyth.

IMPROVEMENTS AT LOWESTOFT: THE SWING-BRIDGE OVER BREYDON WATER, LOOKING NORTH.

The bridge is part of a new railway, opened on July 13, between Lowestoft and Great Yarmouth.



Photo. Gale and Polden.

THE KING'S REVIEW OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY: "THREE CHEERS FOR HIS MAJESTY!"

The review was held on July 11, at the Horse Guards' Parade. The Queen and Princess Victoria were present.

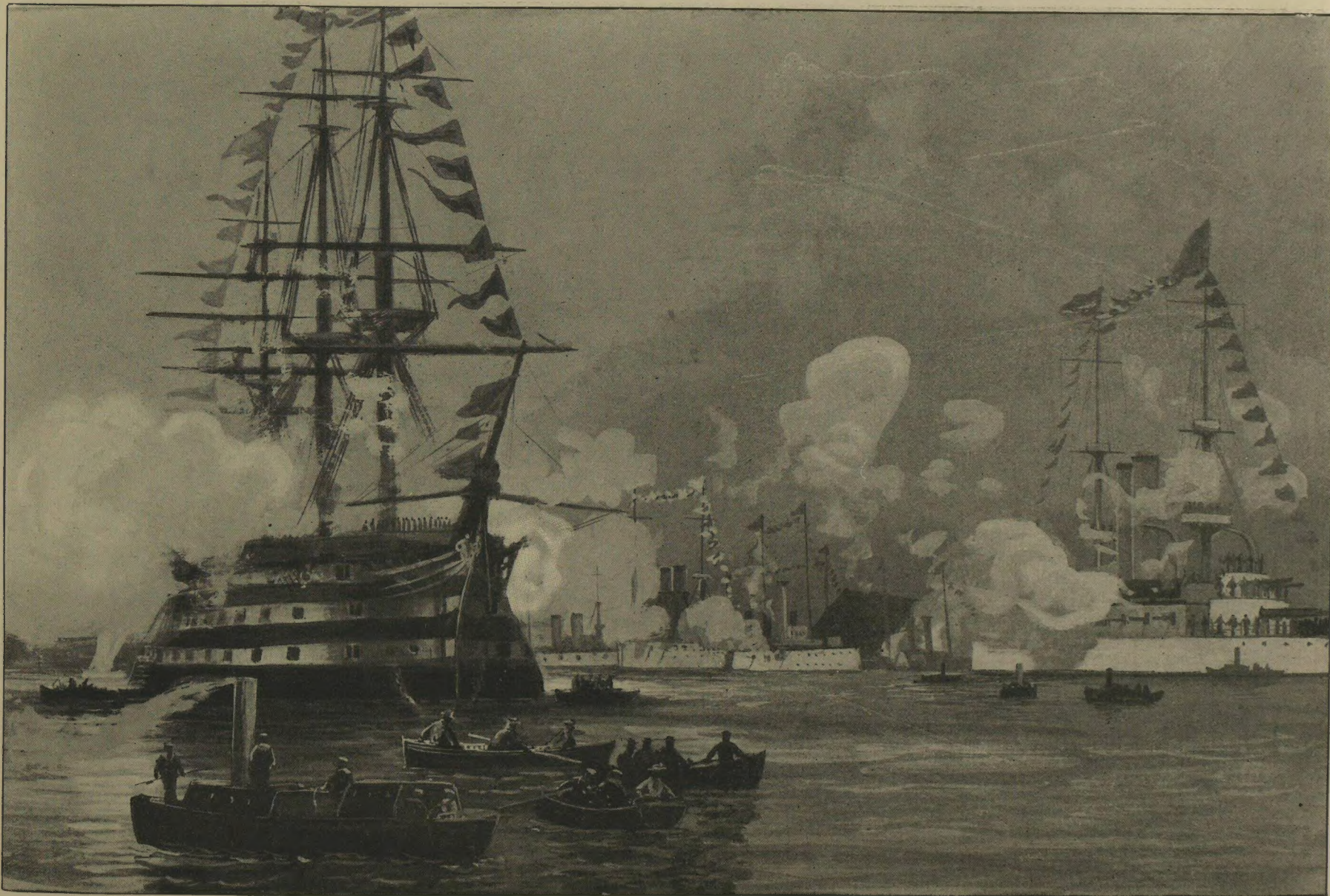
Nelson's "Victory."

"Chicago." "San Francisco."

"Machias."

"Enchantress" (British).

"Kearsarge."

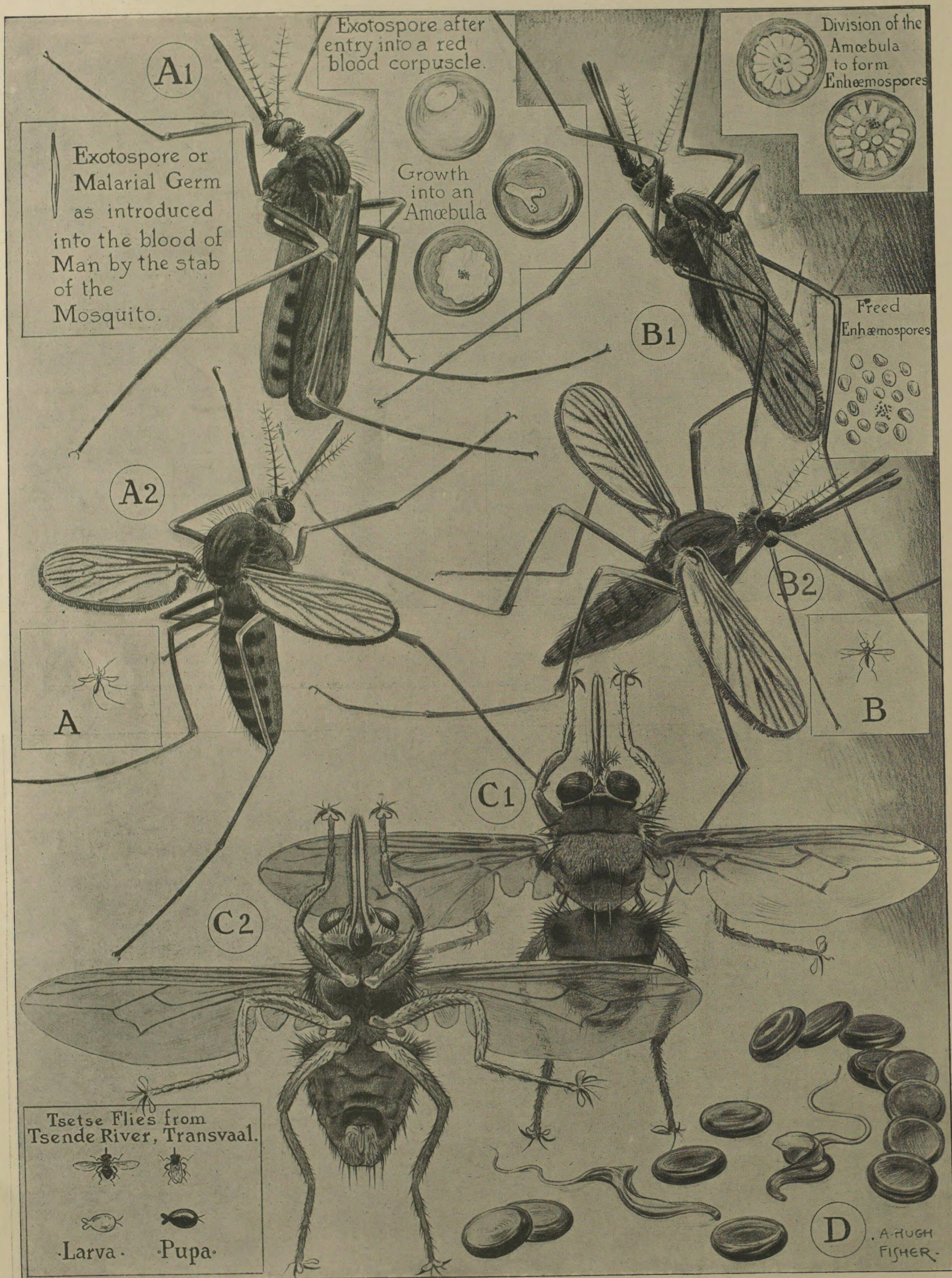


THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE AMERICAN NAVY: THE SCENE IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR DURING THE ROYAL VISIT, JULY 13.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE MOSQUITO PLAGUE IN LONDON: TWO VARIETIES, AND THE TSETSE FLY.

DRAWN FROM SPECIMENS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY A. HUGH FISHER.



A. COMMON MOSQUITO OR STABBING GNAT (CULEX PIPENS), ACTUAL SIZE, WHICH DOES NOT TRANSMIT THE MALARIA PARASITE; (A 1) RESTING POSITION; AND (A 2) FLYING POSITION, VERY LARGELY MAGNIFIED.

B. SPOT-WINGED MOSQUITO (ANOPHELES), ACTUAL SIZE, WHICH CARRIES THE MALARIA PARASITE; (B 1) RESTING POSITION; AND (B 2) FLYING POSITION, VERY LARGELY MAGNIFIED.

C 1. TSETSE FLY, BACK; AND (C 2) FRONT, VERY LARGELY MAGNIFIED.
D. TSETSE PARASITES AMONG RED BLOOD CORPUSCLES, VERY LARGELY MAGNIFIED.

The East End of London has been visited by a plague of mosquitoes, and many persons have been medically treated for bites. Two leading varieties of mosquito, the *Culex pipiens* and the *Anopheles*, are distinguished above. Anyone who has been bitten, and is curious to identify his tormentor, should chase him to a wall. The *Culex* stands with his body horizontal to the wall, the *Anopheles* at right angles. The mosquito admittedly spreads malarial fever. The tsetse fly is the cause of cattle plague in Africa.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS: VIGILS AND INQUIRIES AT THE VATICAN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. THE CHIEF POINT OF PUBLIC INQUIRY: THE BRONZE DOOR AT THE VATICAN, BESIEGED DAY AND NIGHT BY WAITING CROWDS.

2. THE CLERGY AND THE PUBLIC SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE VATICAN.

3. PRAYERS IN THE ROMAN CHURCHES FOR THE POPE'S RECOVERY

4. READING THE BULLETIN POSTED ON A SMALL LANDING ON THE STAIR LEADING TO THE POPE'S APARTMENTS.

5. THE CROWD WAITING FOR THE MORNING'S NEWS IN THE NARROW STREET OF BORGO ST. ANGELO: THE VATICAN IN THE BACKGROUND.

6. THE JOURNALISTS' VIGIL: WATCHING THE POPE'S WINDOWS DURING THE NIGHT IN THE PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO.

7. ECCLESIASTICAL AND ARISTOCRATIC INQUIRERS: THE CARRIAGES OF THE CARDINALS AND THE CATHOLIC NOBILITY AWAITING BULLETINS AND NEWS IN THE COURT OF ST. DAMASO.

The official bulletin is in manuscript, and is framed under glass. The scene in the Piazza di san Pietro was sketched by moonlight while the journalists were waiting to interview any bearer of news who might issue from the Vatican.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS: THE LAST RITES OF THE CHURCH.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



1. THE PROCESSION OF THE VIATICUM ON ITS WAY TO THE POPE'S APARTMENT.

2. "DOMINE, NON SUM DIGNUS": THE POPE'S HUMILITY AT THE MOMENT OF RECEIVING THE VIATICUM.

On July 5, when his Holiness was thought to be at the point of death, the last Sacraments were administered. The Pontiff followed the service with great emotion, and before receiving the sacred wafer (Viaticum, "journey money") exclaimed in a clear voice, "Domine, non sum dignus" ("Lord, I am not worthy.")

*"Where is McNab?"*

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"May the curse av the wake an' the sufferin' an' the oppressed lie on his wicked sowl whin he comes up for judgment," said the old man fervently, as he clasped and raised his toil-stained hands to heaven. "Ah, God above! send some punishment on earth to this cruel man before Ye call him before Ye. Punish him for that bloody day at Parramatta; smite him wid some terrible afflictin' disease; let his children's children hate and despise his mimicry; let the tares an' the groans and the cowl'd sweat av those he has persecuted an' murdered—"

"Stop, old man," cried the ex-soldier, with a shudder; "don't say any more, for God's sake! You'll put me off eatin' breakfast, and I'm sharp-set, I can tell you, after a thirty-mile ride."

The old man's excitement vanished at once.

"Sure, an' I was forgettin' ye. Come along wid me to the house."

Just as Miss Lathom entered the dining-room, her uncle strode up on to the verandah with Russ at his heels.

"Ha! here you are, Ida. Look at this!" And he laid Dr. Haldane's note on the table before her. She read it.

DEAR LATHOM,—I am sorry to say that you will have to entertain two guests instead of one. Marsbin came here this evening and coolly informed me that, having heard I was paying you a visit, he had decided to come with me, "as it would be pleasant for us to travel in company." Hang the fellow!—Yours, GEORGE HALDANE.

Miss Lathom shrugged her shoulders. "Very annoying, Uncle Fred. I trust he will not stay long." She knew her uncle did not like the clergyman.

"So do I, Ida. But I fear he will contrive to spend two or three days here, make as much mischief as he can in the settlement by his usual ill-timed interferences, and then say something ill-natured about me to the Governor."

"Never mind, Uncle dear. We must try and be as gracious as we can to him," said Miss Lathom, who knew that the reverend gentleman stood high in the opinion of the authorities at Home and therefore might be of use to her in some way or another if she wanted his influence; "and, after all, I am told that he can be very companionable and unbend himself in a remarkable manner after dinner—to gentlemen as well as ladies."

"I don't like the man, Ida. In fact, I sometimes detest him. He is a bigot; and has used his powers as a magistrate in a manner that cannot be too strongly condemned. He is more hated than any man I know of in the colony. The Governor, I may tell you—in confidence, Ida—does not like him, and has told me so. But the fellow has great influence at Home; and there is this to his credit—he really believes in what he preaches, and no one can accuse him of being a hypocrite."

"Then why do you object to him so much, Uncle Fred? If he is no hypocrite, and . . . and has so much influence with those at Home, surely he is a man whom it is worth our while to cultivate and make a friend of; and in this horrible country we need friends, and—"

Lathom placed his hand tenderly on his niece's shoulder.

"Ida, dear, you can hardly realise how very distasteful it is to me to be compelled by my duty to receive this man as my guest. I said that he was a



HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

bigot. I should have added, a cruel and merciless one. The severity of the sentences he has helped to inflict upon unfortunate prisoners for the slightest misdemeanours are enough to sicken one not entirely devoid of humane feelings. I have often wondered, Ida, if he ever thinks of those sacred words, 'Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy'?

Oh, 'tis heartbreaking, saddening, deplorable beyond words that such things can be! A man who is supposed to teach the gospel of our Saviour—"

Ida Lathom shivered. "How strangely you talk, Uncle Fred! No one would think you were a soldier to hear you speak. And I think we should be civil and nice to him. He has great influence—and—and the convicts are dreadful characters."

"Ah, Ida, you do not know how I pity them, especially the worst, the most vicious, the most degraded. The Governor, thank God, is a humane man, and though he may err at times by being over-lenient, 'tis a noble fault. Would that there were more men like him in the colony."

"Mrs. Feilding says that Mr. Feilding thinks the Governor is making a great mistake in pampering and pardoning some of the convicts."

Lathom made a gesture of contempt. "Feilding is like nearly all the civilian officials, my dear. He thinks that the convict system was created for the benefit of creatures like himself to fatten upon. God knows that some of the military men here are bad enough, but the civilians are worse. Feilding himself, in England, was only a vulgar little clerk to a pettifogging Old Bailey lawyer, and by some mischance was given an appointment here. As for Mrs. Feilding, she is but a shallow-brained chattering idiot, with no thought beyond dress, and an intense desire to hang on to the Governor's coat-tails."

Then the irate commandant of Waringa strode out to attend to some of the many duties which always demanded his attention, and of which he was never neglectful.

CHAPTER IV.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the expected visitors arrived, Dr. Haldane and the clergyman riding abreast, and followed by the latter's two armed servants, one of whom led a packhorse. Lathom met them at the steps and bade them welcome, and the two attendants were sent off to the servants' quarters, where they would have ample opportunity to exchange gossip and talk about their respective masters.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," said the commandant, as he shook hands with his guests. "My niece begs of you to come to her first before going to your rooms. She will not detain you longer than is necessary for you to take a little refreshment, of which I am sure you stand in need after so long and so hot a ride."

"Indeed, Lathom, it is most thoughtful of her; for, unlike our reverend friend here, I can never restrain my carnal longings when I know that liquid refreshment is near"; and Haldane, a huge, broad-shouldered, square-faced man, slapped Lathom on the shoulder, and laughed boisterously.

"The weather has indeed been most ungracious," said the clergyman in slow, harsh, ponderous tones, as he walked towards the dining-room, "but yet, we must not presume to question the decree of an all-wise Providence. Hum, ha!"

Miss Lathom came forward with outstretched hand. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Marsbin. I was so charmed when my uncle told me that we should have the honour of your company."

The clergyman bowed over the white hand and murmured something inaudible, though it ended with his usual half-coughed "Hum, ha!" with which he invariably closed even the shortest remark; then the young lady greeted Haldane (whom she sincerely hated, and who knew it), and indicated, with a bright smile the spirit-stand and wine-decanter on the table.

"Now, Uncle Fred, I shall leave you to look after Mr. Marsbin and the doctor until luncheon; I have no doubt but that presently you will all have much to say to each other. To you, Mr. Marsbin, who have so lately been in Sydney, I look to tell me all the latest news. Uncle never thinks of me in that respect. He brings me the *Sydney Gazette* with an air of triumph, and thinks he has achieved marvels; when, as you know, that horrid paper contains no news that is not from four to six months old; and I really dread to open it, for one-half of it is occupied with shipping matters, and the other half with notices of absconded prisoners and of official reports."

"The mournful exigencies of the condition of this colony—largely populated by a criminal and godless community of persons of innate depravity of mind—necessitate, my dear young lady, a dignified austerity of tone in the newspaper Press of the colony, an austerity that later on, when a better condition of life prevails, may—and I personally shall not be averse to such a departure—give place to the lighter and less momentous things of life; and chronicle the gaieties and harmless frivolities that are inseparable from a more refined society. Hum, ha!"

As he spoke the clergyman sank slowly back into a comfortable chair, and half closed his dull, heavy-lidded eyes, and crossed his thick, white, yet shapely hands across the long-vanished line of demarcation that had once existed between his chest and his stomach.

Miss Lathom smiled sweetly as Haldane opened the door for her, and then Lathom showed the clergyman to his room. In a few minutes he returned to the doctor.

"Haldane, old fellow! How glad I am to see you again!" and in his quiet, undemonstrative manner he placed his sun-browned hand on his friend's arm. "Come, let us have another glass of wine together before you go to your room."

"Wine, Fred, wine! No, an you love me, no more wine." I drank claret just now for the proprieties only, observe you, my melancholy New Holland knight of La Mancha, who is for ever tilting at the impregnable fastnesses of official stupidity. No, no wine, my boy, but a generous, stiff half-tumbleful of good honest brandy with good honest water. I want it—after listening to the exordium of our clerical friend."

Lathom laughed—and his laugh—so Helen often thought—was always pleasant to hear. "Indeed, you shall, George, and I'll join you. You don't know how glad I shall be to see that man's back. There is something so repellent about even his manner of speaking that every time he opens his mouth it jars me. No wonder the prisoners hate him."

"Hate him!" said the doctor, as he poured himself out some brandy. "I would not like to stand in his shoes, Fred. One of these days a bullet will be coming out of the bush and take him in the back, and some poor wretch—half a dozen perhaps—will dance in the air for it. Well, your good health, Fred. How are matters progressing at Waringa?"

"Fairly well. His Excellency said some very complimentary things to me in his last letter, and hinted at the possibility of his paying a visit here after the worst of the summer is over. By the way, my niece is shortly returning to Sydney for a few months. She has latterly had several fainting fits, and I am feeling somewhat anxious."

"Weather has been very trying lately," said the doctor, trying to speak with sympathy, but not succeeding too well in the effort; "no doubt she will find that the sea air will do her good. Do you accompany her?"

Lathom shook his head. "No, I cannot, unfortunately; I should not like to apply for leave just now. However, she is taking Helen with her, and they can go down to Port Hunter very comfortably in the boat, and from there by sea to Sydney."

Haldane nodded. "You'll feel lonely. Better invite me to come and stay a few weeks with you. I want to murder some of those ducks in the creek."

Lathom's face lit up with pleasure. "I shall be delighted. 'Tis just like you to suggest what I fear will be an inconvenience to you. And yet I quite intended to ask you to come."

"Then it's settled. I'll come next week, and kill every duck within ten miles."

During luncheon Mr. Marsbin told Miss Lathom all the latest news—the arrival of a fleet of transports under the convoy of his Majesty's ship *Marlborough*; the dinner given by the Governor to the captain and officers; the advent of two fresh "Methody" parsons and two "Papist" priests; the political troubles in Ireland and "at home"; the condition of the penal colony in Van Diemen's Land; the intrusion of American whaling and sealing ships into Southern seas, and their alleged frequent interferences and collisions with the crews of colonial vessels; and, lastly, the spread of bushranging, not only in Van Diemen's Land, but in New South Wales.

"'Tis indeed a sad state of affairs, my dear young lady," he said, after describing an attack made by a band of escaped prisoners on the estate of Mr. Feilding, only fifty miles from Sydney. "Mistaken leniency has now grown into such direct maladministration of justice that there will be, I fear, such an accession to the numbers of these desperately evil men before long that human life will be rendered unsafe even in the more thickly settled portions of the colony. The troops at the disposal of the Governor are few—so few that his Excellency does not, I imagine, realise that a combination of these villains may one day result in a terrible massacre of the good the law-abiding, and even the repentant. Hum, ha!"

"Ah, Sir, not that, I trust," said Lathom quietly; "individual cases of pillage, ending in murder by some case-hardened ruffian, are indeed common enough, but the community at large need have no fear of these wandering bands of escaped convicts constituting a serious menace to their lives by making anything beyond a half-hearted raid upon some isolated estate such as that of Mr. Feilding. Their main object is to obtain food, of which they are always in want. Were any of Mr. Feilding's people maltreated?"

"No blood was shed," replied the clergyman in his deep, rasping voice; "but the villains seized and bound all the servants, plundered the store-room of provisions and spirits, and openly told Mrs. Feilding that, had they found her husband at home, they would have cut off his ears and given him a flogging! Little did they dream that Mr. Feilding himself was concealed above the ceiling of the very room in which they sat carousing! Hum, ha!"

Lathom uttered an angry exclamation of contempt. "Do you mean to say, Sir, that Mr. Feilding played the coward, and left his wife to face a gang of escaped convicts? 'Tis monstrous! I have no sympathy with him. 'Twould have served him but rightly had they carried out their threat."

"Oh, Uncle Fred! What could one man do against seven?"

"Nothing, perhaps, Ida. Much, most probably. But then one must not expect too much from a creature of Feilding's calibre in time of danger. How such a contemptible person was given a responsible position passes my comprehension. He is utterly unfitted for it—not one single qualification does he possess."

The clergyman's fat face darkened, and something like a scowl gathered on his coarse fleshy forehead. Haldane leant his elbow on the table, and gave his host an encouraging nod of interest and sympathy to proceed; for he knew that "flogging Feilding" had received his appointment as a magistrate of the territory through Marsbin's influence alone, and he was inwardly smiling with delight at the clergyman's discomfiture.

"Go on, Fred," he said; "I, as you know, am deeply interested in this subject, not only as a fellow-magistrate with you, reverend Sir"—and he bowed to Mr. Marsbin—"but for other reasons. By heavens, Miss Lathom—Sir, I beg your pardon"—and again he bowed solemnly to the clergyman—"but 'tis a shocking thing to hear that one of his Majesty's magistrates played the cur in the presence of his own wife. Egad! did our outspoken King know of such disgraceful conduct, he would make short work—"

"Sir, we should thank you to allow Captain Lathom to continue," said Marsbin, turning down his lips. "But I presume that his Majesty would feel astonished and grieved to learn that in this young country there is growing up an indifference—nay, callousness—to the principles of law, order, and religion, that can only end in rebellion and disaster. Hum, ha! Pray proceed, Captain Lathom, with your indictment of Mr. Feilding."

Miss Lathom rose. "Now you are going into all sorts of things of which a mere woman can have but scanty knowledge, so I shall leave you. But I shall be bold enough to say that I feel convinced that—that the dangerous condition of affairs to which Mr. Marsbin alludes so guardedly may be very imminent unless we have a Governor sent to us who—who will protect the superior classes from the encroachment of emancipated convicts."

"Bravo, Ida!" laughed Lathom as he opened the door. "'Tis the first time I have heard you speak so strongly"; and he placed his honest hand caressingly on her shoulder as she went out.

"Miss Lathom's sentiments do her the greatest honour, Sir, and I congratulate her on the possession of so gifted a mind. 'Tis eminently pleasing to me, Sir, to meet such a lady." And then, all his fighting blood up, he looked Lathom squarely in the face.

"Now, Sir, let us talk. Put aside the fact of my sacred office. Put aside the fact—which I shall now avow—that the Home Government, on my recommendation alone, appointed Mr. Feilding to the position he now occupies, and tell me, Sir, why you object to this worthy gentleman? Hum, ha!"

Lathom motioned to his soldier servant, who (with Helen) had been waiting, and had discreetly retired out of hearing, to bring the spirit-stand.

"Thank you, Walsh. That will do; you need not wait. Helen, please see to Miss Lathom. No doubt she will like some tea"; and eager and half angry as he was to come to battle with the clergyman, he spoke, as was his invariable custom, with a simple courtesy that again made Mr. Marsbin turn down his lips and then raise his heavy fat-lidded eyes as if appealing to Heaven to note that he, at least, did not approve of an officer in the King's service speaking in such an unduly gracious manner to a female convict. But Lathom was ready for him.

"Now, Mr. Marsbin, we three can talk freely. You have asked me why I object to Mr. Feilding as a magistrate. In the first place, his legal attainments are of the most rudimentary character, and that disqualification, added to an infirmity of temper, have made his decisions notorious throughout the colony; in the second, he is not a gentleman, either by birth, education, or instinct, and never having tried to act as one, cannot therefore inspire respect either in his brother magistrates or in the minds of the public generally; in the third, his intemperate habits, his coarse language, and even his personal appearance, render him an object of derision and contempt."

The clergyman was silent. Haldane watched his face keenly. Then Lathom resumed—

"I think, Sir, that you, as a clergyman, will most heartily agree with me that it is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of public decorum and morality, and for the present and future welfare of this colony, that the private lives of the civilian officials—men who bear most weighty responsibilities on their shoulders—should be above suspicion."

"Certainly, Sir. I approve of your sentiments."

"Unfortunately, the very reverse obtains in too many cases, with the not unnatural result that many thousands

of men and women who have been sent here for crimes against society, instead of being helped to redeem themselves by a proper example being set them by those in authority, sink deeper and deeper into vice. Then the fearful punishments which follow, instead of being a deterrent, act in exactly the reverse manner by rendering them indifferent and callous. Is it any wonder, then, that we hear of these attacks on isolated settlers, these burnings and pillages? Ah, Sir, in my opinion our convict system is entirely wrong. It punishes with terrible severity. It does little to redeem, little to elevate. I sincerely trust that its existence will soon be brought to an end; for the manner in which it is administered is a disgrace and a blot upon the fame of the British nation, and will not, I think, much longer be tolerated by the free settlers of this colony."

He paused, and then, with flushed cheeks and brightening eyes, went on—

"This attack on Feilding's house, now. We all know that Feilding has a number of well-armed servants, who are quite able to protect him. That they did not do so gives me no surprise; no doubt they were in collusion with the escaped convicts. And yet only five miles from Mr. Feilding's house is Major Waller's farm, inhabited by but four persons—the major, his wife, and his two daughters. Waller himself is, as you know, a rheumatic cripple, and unable even to hold a pistol in his hand. Yet his house contains much more than that of Feilding to tempt any lawlessly inclined person. How is it that he has never yet been attacked? For seven years he has lived in the most absolute security."

"It has long been known to me, Sir," said Marsbin severely, "that Major Waller has on several occasions shown a misplaced sympathy with the criminal classes."

"Misplaced! No, Sir, not misplaced, but a human, an honourable sympathy—a sympathy that does him the greatest credit. As a disciplinarian, he was the terror of his regiment; as a gentleman and a Christian, he gained the respect and, I firmly believe, in some cases, the love and gratitude of certain convicts who were rapidly being turned into wild beasts by the floggings given them until they came under his control."

Then seeing that Mr. Marsbin's face was flushing purple with anger, he ceased, and at once became the courteous host, with but the one thought of entertaining his guests.

"Now, Mr. Marsbin, will you give me the pleasure of showing you over the new maize-mill we have just erected on the banks of the creek? 'Twill prove, I trust, a great boon to the settlers hereabout."

"Any enterprise that conduces to the improvement of the country has my approval and interest, Sir," said the clergyman pompously, as he rose. "I will accompany you with pleasure. Hum, ha!"

CHAPTER V.

That evening at dinner Lieutenant Willet, the second in command to Lathom, was present, having sufficiently recovered to accept Lathom's invitation to meet Mr. Marsbin and Dr. Haldane. He was a good-looking but slow-moving, dull-witted young man, and had, so his superior officer one day had told the doctor, but two motives for existing at all—sleeping and eating. Miss Lathom, who, when she first came to Waringa to join her uncle, had endeavoured to draw him into a flirtation in order to while away the time during Lathom's frequent absences, had so signally failed—purely from want of perception on the part of Mr. Willet—that she had abandoned the attempt in disgust after a few weeks. For although Lieutenant Willet was always pleased to accept an invitation from the Captain's beautiful niece (or anyone else) to lunch or dinner, he invariably went to sleep as soon as he had satisfied his appetite, which was always very robust, even when he declared he felt ill, and was barely able to attend to his military duties.

In addition to Miss Lathom, there was another lady—Mrs. McNab, a round-faced, merry-hearted little Scots-woman, who, with her husband, Captain McNab, lived six or seven miles down the river from Waringa. He was a retired naval officer, who, after a long and honourable career in the Service—the latter years of which were spent in Australian waters—had received a large grant of land from the Crown in the neighbourhood of Waringa, where he was rapidly becoming a man of flocks and herds.

Lathom had a sincere regard for McNab and his wife—whom the ex-captain had married late in life, and who was the daughter of one of the colonial officials—and knew that they would be glad to meet Haldane, for not only was he a friend, but a fellow-countryman of theirs.

"Why, how is this, Mrs. McNab?" he said to her when she rode up alone. "Where is McNab?"

"He is so sorry, Captain Lathom, but he cannot come. He is expecting a visitor from Sydney this evening or to-morrow morning, and begs you and Miss Lathom to excuse him."

"Ah, well, you have come, so we'll forgive him. Haldane will be sorry, and so will my niece, as she is going to Sydney for a few months, as she told you in her note."

"And, indeed, Hector wished very much to come. But this visitor—a Mr. Lugard—appears to be a friend of the Governor, who has written to Hector and asked him to do all he can to help him with regard to some inquiries he is making concerning some missing person or persons—prisoners, I imagine, from what Hector said. And then he—the coming visitor, I mean—has also been recommended to Hector by the Commissary-General, so you see it would not do for my husband to be away from home when he arrives. Hector is like you, Captain Lathom, in his admiration for the Governor, and is always glad to be able to oblige him in any way."

"Yes, indeed; I know that. Has your visitor just arrived from England?"

"Oh, no, from Batavia. He came to Sydney in the Dutch vessel the *Leeuwarden*, which arrived there a few weeks ago. From what Hector said to me he seems to be a person of means, who has come to the colony solely for the purpose I mentioned."

"Well, I am sure we shall be glad to see him at Waringa if he makes any stay with you," said Lathom politely, but truthfully; for he was always glad to see and entertain any stranger.

Dinner was to be served at six o'clock. An hour before that time Helen was in the garden picking some of the few remaining flowers to adorn the dinner-table, at which she was to wait—a duty she especially detested when visitors were present, but which she never tried to avoid—when old Tim limped up towards her, carrying in his hand a bunch of wild convolvulus flowers.

"Thank you, Tim," she said gratefully, "that is just the very thing I wanted, but I had not the time to go down to the creek for some, and the table would not look at all nice with only these few poor flowers from the garden."

"Yis, yis, dear," he said in low tones; "but 'twas not to bring ye the flowers I came."

He looked round carefully to see that no one was near them, and then quickly slipped a small, tightly rolled-up piece of paper into her hand.

"'Tis a letter for ye, dear. Hide it away, darlin', hide it away, till ye can rade it alone."

She slipped it into the bosom of her dress, and as she proceeded to arrange the wild flowers which the old man had brought, her hands trembled.

"Oh, Tim, Tim, don't go away just yet. You must tell me. . . . Take up that fork, and pretend to dig about the border, and I shall sit down here, near you. Quick, Tim, do be quick. Miss Lathom may come here at any moment. Who gave you the letter?"

Tim took up the garden fork and proceeded to turn up the soil in a leisurely manner, as Helen sat down on the border and again re-sorted her flowers.

"'Twas wan av the boat's crew, darlin'; ye know the man, sure—Martin Roche, the lifer. 'Twas given to him in Newcastle by another man, who brought it from Sydney. Says Roche to me the mornin', 'I've a bit av a letter for Helen Cronin; will ye give it to her?' an' wid that he slips it into me hand and tould me 'twas given to him in Newcastle. An' it's wishin' ye lashins av good news in it I am."

"Thank you, Tim, I hope it does. You are a true friend to me, Tim. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to help you as you are now helping me," said Helen. "Now go away, please. Here is Miss Lathom coming."

Old Tim's withered face screwed up into an expression of angry contempt. "Aye, darlin', I see her, an' the 'dirty, ugly ould man' who stumps about wid his lame fut will get away fast enough."

He limped away as Miss Lathom came up.

"Are those all the flowers you have, Helen?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Well, I must make them do. But I think you might have had more, considering the time you fritter away over the garden. Bring them in at once, then change your dress, and do try to appear with a less flushed face at dinner-time. If there is anything that annoys me it is to see you with a flushed face. I want the servants to look as cool as possible, and I really wanted you to look nice this evening, as Mr. Marsbin is here. But you never consider my wishes."

Helen made no answer as she took up the flowers and followed her mistress to the house. At any other time Miss Lathom's contemptuously patronising manner of speaking to her might have filled her with a dulled resentment, but now she was too excited to think of aught else than the little roll of paper in the bosom of her dress. As soon as she entered the house she went to her room, and, hurriedly tearing off the soiled outer covering of coarse paper with which the envelope containing the letter was enwrapped, she looked for the address on the envelope itself, but found it was blank.

Breaking the wafer seal, she took out a small sheet of paper, on which was written—

A friend, who brings good news, is coming. Wait patiently; for liberty is near for father and for child.—ANNALONG.

The girl pressed the paper to her lips, and then fell on her knees and breathed a silent prayer. Who was the writer of the few words she could not conjecture, but they filled her with joyful hopes, and as she donned another dress in lieu of that which she had been wearing, her veins tingled with excitement and expectation. For Annalong had once been her home in far-off Ireland, and there she had been born, and no one in all Australia but her own convict father knew of it, so perhaps this unknown friend who had sent this letter by friendly hands had seen him. Ah, her dear father! How she longed to throw her arms around his neck and weep out her sorrows on his bosom, and tell him how she had followed him through scenes of degradation and

"And I am told that Hewitt is a remarkably handsome young Irishman," said Lathom, with a laugh. "Pray go on, Mrs. McNab."

"Well, it seems that Major Cartwright and a number of the military have been scouring the bush in the vicinity of Port Macquarie for some weeks past in the hope of catching Hewitt, who, as you know, succeeded in escaping from Port Arthur, in Van Diemen's Land, nearly two years ago. Why he came to this colony is a mystery, as he could very easily have escaped to America in the sealing-vessel which took him away from Van Diemen's Land. But the sealing-ship put into Sydney, and Hewitt went ashore there, although he must have known there was a hue-and-cry, as there always is if the escapee is an Irish political prisoner. However, he succeeded in secreting himself somewhere near Sydney, and the next heard of him was his way-laying the Commissary-General at Hunter's Hill and

robbing him of two hundred pounds in gold. Then he appears to have made his way northward along the coast-line—first to Newcastle, and from there to Port Macquarie."

"Plucky fellow," said Lieutenant Willet; "shouldn't like to attempt such a thing myself."

"The mere recklessness of a hardened and criminal nature, Sir, cannot be called 'pluck.' It is but what might be expected of a man whose hand is against that of lawful authority, and who was sentenced to transportation as a seditious person. Hum, ha!"

Haldane's eyes twinkled. "Exactly, Sir. No doubt he is a man who would not hesitate to rob the Governor himself. But we await your story, Mrs. McNab."

"Well, he seems to have found several safe hiding-places along the coast, quite close to the towns, and one day he actually appeared in the streets of Port Macquarie riding a beautiful horse, which he had stolen from Colonel Douglas Stacey, of Rolland's Plains. He put up at the hotel, made the acquaintance of a number of the civilian authorities, and asked them many questions concerning the prisoners there—especially those from Ireland—made notes in a pocket-book, spent money lavishly in refreshments, and finally rode off to Major Cartwright's house and inquired for him."

"The effrontery of the villain!" ejaculated the clergyman.

"The Major, it so happened, was not at home, but Mrs. Cartwright was, and the gentlemanly stranger, who introduced himself as 'Mr. Vincent,' and represented himself as a personal friend of Lord De Frere, who is Mrs. Cartwright's father, actually had lunch with her. And he certainly did know not only Lord De Frere, but the De Frere estates in Ireland very well;

and told Mrs. Cartwright that he had often nursed her on his knee when she was a baby. Then he went off, saying he would call again when the Major returned home. The next heard of him was that he had been to Major Innes's place at Lake Innes, where he was also hospitably entertained as 'Mr. Vincent.' From Major Innes he heard that the Government schooner from Sydney to Port Macquarie had put into Camden Haven through stress of weather, and that Judge Gibson and Miss Gibson, his daughter, were passengers; also that there was over nine hundred pounds on board—officials' salaries and soldiers' pay."

"Ha, this is interesting," said Haldane.

Mrs. McNab smiled and resumed: "He remarked to Major Innes that he trusted the schooner was well manned, as there were, he had heard, several escaped convicts in the vicinity of Camden Haven, men who would not hesitate to attempt to capture the *Edith*. Poor Major Innes fell into the trap, and said that there were but six persons on board, exclusive of the captain and Judge Gibson and his daughter."

"Ah, Mrs. McNab," said Lathom, "I think I can guess what followed."

(To be continued.)



"I can never restrain my carnal longings when I know that liquid refreshment is near."

misery unutterable, so that even if it were but to see each other once more in this life they might die together!

Hastily brushing her hair as Miss Lathom gave the bell an impatient ring, she walked along the verandah to the dining-room, and presently, with Walsh, was busied in carrying in the dinner. Haldane, who always spoke kindly to her, gave her a cheerful nod as he took his place at the table, so also did Mrs. McNab, while even Mr. Marsbin looked at her somewhat approvingly.

"Well, Mrs. McNab," said Haldane presently, "what fresh news from Sydney? Lathom tells me that McNab had letters yesterday."

"Nothing of great importance, Doctor, except that the paper is full of the doings of the bushranger Hewitt."

Helen started, and her face paled, then flushed again at the mention of the name "Hewitt."

"Ha, that villain!" exclaimed the clergyman. "And pray, Madam, of what fresh crime has he been guilty?"

"Something very daring this time. Indeed, it reads like an exploit of Claude Duval, and the more so inasmuch that there was a young—and of course beautiful, we must suppose—lady who figures in it."

IN Sir Frederick Cook's art collection at Doughty House, Richmond, Dr. Charles Waldstein recently had occasion to observe the head of the statue here depicted, and was struck with its extraordinary likeness to the work of Praxiteles. Closer study convinced him that the head, which had been fastened to a body reconstructed from fragments, must be the work of that period



THE SO-CALLED "ADONIS."



LEFT SIDE OF THE PRAXITELEAN HEAD.



THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE PRAXITELEAN HEAD.



THE PRAXITELEAN HEAD, PROBABLY OF EROS.

and school. Dr. Waldstein's arguments in favour of the Praxitelean origin of the head are briefly summarised in the article which appears in this issue. The modelling of the mouth is especially beautiful, and should be examined with a magnifying-glass. The exquisite moulding of the locks and features and the refined finish of the marble point to the fourth century B.C. as the date of the work.

THE DISCOVERY OF A PRAXITELEAN HEAD AT RICHMOND.



A NEW DIVERSION AT A FRENCH GYMKHANA: A BLINDFOLD RACE ON A COURSE STREWN WITH EMPTY BOTTLES.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER.

Teams for the race are formed by two girls blindfolded and driven by a youth. The object is to knock down as few bottles as possible on the way to the winning-post.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF AQUATICS: THE CONTEST FOR THE KING'S CUP.

DRAWING BY RALPH CLEAVER; PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



THE INTERNATIONAL DISPLAY OF HIGH DIVING AT HIGHGATE, JULY 11.



E. TELLANDER, THE WINNER OF THE GRACEFUL DIVING COMPETITION AT HIGHGATE.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BATH CLUB, JULY 10: SKETCHES DURING THE DISPLAY.

The conditions of the international contest for the cup presented to the Life Saving Society by the King stipulate that there shall be three races before it is won—a furlong race on the breast, a quarter-mile and a half-mile using any stroke. The quarter-mile race was held at the Bath Club on July 10, in the presence of the King and Queen and a distinguished party, and was won for England by D. Billington. The other two races were swum in Highgate Ponds on the following day. W. Robinson, of the Liverpool Club, won the breast-stroke race, and J. A. Jarvis the half-mile. England thus secured the trophy. A display of swimming, diving, and life-saving, in which a body of police in uniform took part, was also given at the Bath Club.

NOVELISTS' NEW WORK.

The Valkyries: A Romance founded on Wagner's Opera. By E. F. Benson. (London: Dean and Son. 6s.)

The Undersong. By H. C. MacIlwaine. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)

In the Days of Goldsmith. By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. (London: John Long. 6s.)

Jimmy. By John Strange Winter. (London: F. V. White. 6s.)

The Luck of Barerakes. By Caroline Marriage. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

A Gentleman of the South. Edited by William Garrott Brown. (London: Macmillan.)

It Came to Pass. By G. Manville Fenn. (London: F. V. White. 6s.)

Anne Carmel. By Gwendolen Overton. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 6s.)

Sarah Tuldon. By Orme Agnus. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)

Ardina Doran. By Susan Christian. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"The Valkyries," say the publishers, "is the first of a series of romances founded on the themes of the grand operas which the publishers have in preparation." The announcement is somewhat vague with regard to those future publications, because we are left in doubt whether other lyrical dramas than those of the great German master are included in the scheme. It may, however, be taken for granted that the compositions of the author of "Lohengrin" will be absolutely complete; and as such the project deserves the greatest encouragement, apart from the very attractive manner materially and the artistic and literary excellence with which the initial book has been offered to the public. There are perhaps in the whole of Europe, and apart from the Universities, not a thousand people who know the "Nibelungen Lied" from beginning to end; there are not five thousand who are thoroughly conversant with each of the stories separately. The reason is not far to seek. There is, to begin with, the difficulty of the language in the original, which puzzles even the German, though not the educated Dutchman who knows German. Secondly, there is the very grandeur of the subject throughout, which is also apt to pall. "It is," says Heine, "a language of granite, and the verses are roughly hewn rhymed blocks." There have been, it is true, translations, enhanced, as the learned translators flattered themselves, by copious notes and comments; but, inasmuch as these bore upon philological and ethnological points, they have only added to the difficulty of the ordinary reader. Mr. Benson's story is straightforwardly and not inelegantly told, and, for all that, as comprehensive as it needs be.

The six Australian stories in "The Undersong" are so stirring, run with such a brisk and lively swing, and have in them so much interesting detail that one regrets they are but six, and grudges the remaining pages to other subjects. Australia, the raw, new, sun-dried continent, does not lend itself to subtle drawing; it is harsh in light and shade: Mr. MacIlwaine's bluff treatment suits its crude romance admirably. His "yarns"—the term expresses them—are long-winded; but then they are such tales as an adventurous spirit might delight in telling in a well-earned leisure, his mind giving up its vivid remembrances of the alternate bounty and cruelty of the Australian seasons. "The Twilight Reef," which is the best story in the book, is one that must be true in everything that matters; anyone who has foregathered with bushmen—or bushwomen—will note its accurate descriptions of the thirst tragedies, the deaths in the desert that come from a moment's carelessness, an accident to the water-bag and its priceless burden. To those who make acquaintance of these matters from books alone, we recommend "The Undersong," wherein they will find portrayed, with a scrupulous truthfulness, the things that befall the men of their own blood who are making Empire in lands that were, a generation since, uncharted desert. The other stories vary the theme; but the impression that remains most clearly as one closes the book is that in Australia, as in Western America, the Anglo-Saxon has found the work that best suits his peculiar talent for perseverance against odds and in unlikely places.

Mr. Bodkin's new novel covers very well-worn ground. There is no reason in particular why anyone who has read Mr. Frankfort Moore's "Jessamy Bride," which treated in a manner which may or may not have been legitimate, but was at least interesting, the real love-story of Oliver Goldsmith, should embark upon a less interesting account of an imaginary romance in the poet's career. The book also unwittingly challenges comparison with Besant's stories of eighteenth-century London, with the result that Mr. Bodkin's knowledge of his *mise-en-scène* appears slight. But it is a pleasant enough story on conventional lines, the plot turning on the history of a will, the characters including a beautiful actress, her middle-aged and very worthy lover (Goldsmith himself), and her younger, less distinguished, but more successful swain. The bad characters are very stagey, and the complications about the will such as only one of his Majesty's counsel learned in the law would venture to pass off upon a lay public. Great men walk through the pages: Johnson, of course, Burke, Garrick, Boswell, and the rest of the well-known company. Mr. Bodkin surely libels Boswell, who was not a cad; and he makes far too much of an Admirable Crichton out of Goldsmith, who thinks nothing of spitting a Mohock on his sword in the cause of distressed beauty. The poet in real life was plucky enough, but the fiasco which occurred on the only occasion on which he is recorded as trying to chastise the insolent makes this alleged prowess a little out of keeping. The fact is, we take it, that to a great writer who really possessed some of the best qualities of the Irish nature his compatriot, Mr. Bodkin,

is anxious to attribute all the rest. So poor Goldy becomes a first-rate fighting man.

Save that it closes with the toll, instead of the peal, of bells, John Strange Winter's latest novel presents a comparatively commonplace theme. It is a story of shadows, the depressing shadows cast by unpleasant coming events, and, in spite of the fact that the author succeeds in confining the depression to the characters figuring in her book, is not likely to cause much flutter in literary dove-cots. "Jimmy" is the son of a banker, and is engaged to marry one of the two motherless daughters of his father's partner. Extravagance and unsuccessful speculation cause him to borrow securities from the safe, with the usual idea of replacing after use. His father discovers the theft, and his fiancée's father the culprit. The latter, in order to save his daughter pain, quixotically, and most will argue unwisely, takes the burden of the "irregularity" on his own shoulders, and gives Jimmy three years in which to recover his moral footing; the former insists that affairs cannot be carried on as before, and allows his partner's resignation. After the customary complications engendered by the secrecy of those ill fitted for concealing, Jimmy has the manliness to confess to his father on the verge of the dissolution of partnership, is promptly dismissed from the bank, and enlists in a regiment ordered to South Africa. In due time he returns, but he is still some degrees removed from the status of the ideal hero of romance, and one cannot but feel that it was fortunate for Marion Denbigh that he died with such dramatic suddenness. If uninspired and uninspiring, however, the novel is agreeably written, and will doubtless be appreciated amongst the class who do not care to read as the Scot is unkindly said to joke. The author, by the way, makes a curious slip in referring to a photograph of her hero, which is said to be taken "by a brother officer" before he himself has won his commission; and why will she allow Miss Denbigh to speak of her "young man"?

The moral lesson of "The Luck of Barerakes," by Caroline Marriage, is thrust home with a relentlessness which is one of the strongest characteristics of a powerful story. The lifelong consequences of a passing lust, a gusty passion, the dreary expiation of sin turned to speedy dust and ashes in the mouth of the sinner, are relieved by no miracle, set aside by no saving device forged in defiance of the common rule of life, by the author's ingenuity. The book, judged by the merit of this decision alone, would be worth attention; but there is more in it. It contains an excellent picture of life in the Yorkshire dales a hundred years ago, and there is no little skill in the character-drawing, and the contrasting of types with which it is filled. It has its faults, of course, the faults of the novice—redundancy of detail, an uncertain grip which leaves some of its principal incidents confused; a lack, in brief, of selection; and it should have been brought to a more abrupt and forceful conclusion. That, no doubt, is also life as it is; life that wears out, rusts out, and comes to no dramatic end of its entanglements; but here the artist might well have been allowed to take precedence of the photographer. The book begins with a headlong plunge into a repellent situation; a bold move which arrests the reader's attention—captures it by force—upon the threshold. It might be more direct and clearer, it could not be more courageous; and its promise is remarkable.

Mr. William Garrott Brown informs us that "A Gentleman of the South" is a portion of the memoirs of a certain Colonel Stanton Elmore, who served in the American Civil War on the Southern side, and died towards the end of the last century. Of course there "never was no sich person." Colonel Elmore belongs to the convention of the fictitious gentlemen who die in order that novel-writers may edit their family papers. Mr. Brown's performance in this line is not impressive. His pattern of Southern chivalry is a certain Henry Selden, who has the misfortune to kill a friend in a duel, and then refuses to carry on the vendetta with the dead man's kindred. This is resented by one of them, a maniac who thirsts for blood. Mr. Brown has not yet learned that maniacs in fiction are now intolerable. We could stand Rochester's wife in "Jane Eyre," and the insanity of Miss Braddon's early heroines; but nowadays a novel which turns on the symptoms of a criminal lunatic is unspeakably dreary. Unluckily Mr. Brown is not original in any direction. His old negro retainers are bores of the first magnitude, and his young lovers are nearly as bad. Worst of all, there is a prevailing sentimentality of the sickliest kind, which Mr. Brown mistakes for manly virtue. None of his people bears the slightest resemblance to life; not even the members of a political committee at Washington. Mr. Brown has everything to learn, and he had better learn something before he writes again.

We are not sure which incident in Mr. Manville Fenn's new novel is specially referred to by its title, "It Came to Pass." A great many things come to pass before its fifty-third chapter closes, and they do so in a very old-fashioned way. It is not a good way. The story is full of happenings which are meant to be tragic, and they are set forth with infinite particularity and at the same time with infinite irrelevance. In one sense we may complain that Mr. Fenn leaves nothing for the reader's imagination to do, but in another sense he leaves everything. "A certain man had two daughters and a certain woman two sons" is the appropriate legend on the title-page, and if we do not get to know the man and the woman, their sons and daughters, it is not for want of plentiful information regarding them. Yet any real, intimate knowledge of Mary and Effie Dale and Grant and Lister Vine, or of the Doctor or the Rector, or any of the Peasegood tribe, we get none. They are hollow bodies moved about by outside mechanism. They have nothing inside them. The author tells us

what they did, but it is left to us to imagine, if we can, why they did it, and how they felt when it was in the doing. The reader has to recreate the characters: unless he give the puppets life, the scenes are without movement, and dead. Imagine this story as told by "Zack": how she would have "cut the cackle," and in ten moving pages pictured Grant and Lister Vine, living beings, in spiritual juxtaposition! As it is, in all the several hundred pages of "It Came to Pass" they never once seem to breathe.

"Anne Carmel" is a love-story of a somewhat unusual order, and the reader's interest is soon caught, in spite of the teasing, meandering sentences that seem at first to be purposely ambiguous in spite of a superficial air of simplicity. But perhaps the writer—Gwendolen Overton—as well as the reader, is feeling her way, for the trouble lessens as the interest deepens. There is nothing conventional in this story of life in a French-Canadian village, unless, indeed, in the attitude of the villagers towards the Curé and his sister. About Anne Carmel herself and about her brother Jean there is a suggestion of primitive strength and freedom, which they doubtless owed to the wild, adventurous blood that ran in their veins. And when love came to Anne it was with all the force of a primeval passion, which brought up all that was lawless and reckless in her nature, and yet did not rob her of a kind of savage nobility. It is Mr. Stevenson who, writing of love, says that although the lion is undoubtedly the King of Beasts, he is scarcely suitable for a domestic pet. To Anne's love the test of domesticity was never applied, but to those who care to follow her fortunes we commend this book which attracts and holds the reader in spite of, rather than because of, the manner in which it is written. But Anne is by no means the only attraction: the Curé, with his large and simple nature, kind and tender alike to old people and to little children, is a striking figure, and the stories of the peasant-folk have their own value.

Water will always rise to its own level, but genius apparently knows no such law. Mr. Orme Agnus has given us several books, all with decided merits of their own, since he gave us "Jan Oxber"; but, to be quite frank, he has never again done anything to equal his own best work. And yet it is true that in "Sarah Tuldon" there are passages which will at least sustain Mr. Agnus's reputation, albeit they add nothing to it. For, when he writes of Sarah in her own poor home, of Sarah with her rustic lover, or of the same shrewish maid when she hoodwinks the young Squire, or pursues her elderly runaway bridegroom on horseback through the snow, Mr. Agnus is the man after our own heart, his own inimitable self. But unfortunately he does not stop there; he must needs break fresh ground and adopt the rôle of moralist, for which he is unsuited. His shrew is to become a woman—the woman among ten thousand whom even Solomon failed to find—and immediately the interest slackens. Sarah is, no doubt, a reformed character, but she is no longer interesting, and for pages together Mr. Agnus's story degenerates into a sort of glorified tract, in which Sarah is seen preaching and enforcing cleanliness among the villagers, reforming a drunken doctor, and subduing to a state of milk-and-water affection three men who have loved her with a fierce passion. We leave her widowed, but still young, beautiful, and vigorous, and Mr. Agnus half promises that one day her later career may be set forth. Should this promise be made good, we hope that he will forswear the tract tendency once and for all, and remember that in his own presentments of the Wessex peasant, glowing and throbbing as these are with life and colour, he has no equal.

"Ardina Doran" is a novel of the kind that bewildered critics call "strikingly clever." It recounts at some length the uninteresting career of a supremely uninteresting heroine, whom at the last page we know rather less well than on the first. And this although—or because—the greater part of the book has been spent in writing round her emotions. It could be dismissed very briefly as an unsuccessful attempt to write cleverly but for two considerations: first, Miss Christian has a most unusual power of making her readers realise a place, not by word-painting, but by taking them through it and letting them observe its features; secondly, one character, a minor one (the Vicar's daughter), is admirably drawn. The writer has probably given her not one-tenth of the attention devoted to the heroine, but the minor character is a vivid portrait, whereas Ardina is like one of those irritating pictures which we all profess to admire nowadays, in which dress and jewels and shoes and the shadow falling on the elbow are painted with minute exactness, while the face is a blur. The men in the book are badly done: we are told that they are distinguished politicians, but they might as well have been professional cricketers for all we know of their characters. The hero wins Ardina by burning down after her father's death the house she loves, and thus rendering her homeless. We cannot profess much sorrow for her, since she has practically proposed to a Viceroy-elect on the strength of a little kindly notice bestowed by him upon her when a gawky *débutante*. There is observation in the book, but it is half spoiled by Miss Christian's inability to speak out—perhaps to think a thing out. She always seems to have something in the background, but when we reach the background it is gone. And there are irritating tricks. Everybody does odd things with his or her wrists. Every sentence begins or ends with a dash. The perpetual dash in a writer provokes the reader's frequent stronger malediction. And then we return to the old farmhouse and the Vicar's daughter, and wish their creator the power of treating essentials as well as she handles minor points. For the essentials seem to be handled with her wrists!



Photo. Bowden.

ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S: ETON, THE VICTORS, COMING IN FROM FIELDING.
Eton beat Harrow by an innings and 154 runs. This match, the seventy-eighth, leaves Eton with a total of twenty-nine wins, and Harrow with thirty-three.

THE FLAG-SHIP "KEARSARGE" ILLUMINATED.—[Photo. Cribb.]



Photo. West.

Machias. San Francisco. Chicago. Kearsarge.

THE VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON TO BRITISH WATERS: THE VESSELS AT PORTSMOUTH
The visiting squadron, under Admiral Colton, arrived at Portsmouth on July 7. The vessels were the "Kearsarge" (flagship, descendant of the older "Kearsarge" that destroyed the notorious "Alabama"), the cruisers "Chicago" and "San Francisco," and the gun-boat "Machias."



THE PRESIDENT.

THE VINCENNES COMPLIMENT RETURNED AT ALDERSHOT.—THE KING'S REVIEW OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS BEFORE PRESIDENT LOUBET, JULY 8: THE ARTILLERY GALLOP PAST.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ALDERSHOT.

The compliment paid to King Edward during his visit to France, when the Paris garrison was reviewed in his presence at Vincennes, was returned when his Majesty ordered his First Army Corps to pay a similar honour to President Loubet. The King took the salute, and M. Loubet, with the Queen, occupied a pavilion which reproduced in its main features that used by the Czar during the review of the French army at Rheims two years ago.

A JAPANESE EARL'S COURT: THE FIFTH NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT OSAKA.



THE FOREIGNERS' SAMPLE HALL, DECORATED FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE MIKADO.

THE FOUNTAIN TOWER.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION.

THE FOUNTAIN "KWANON" IN FRONT OF THE FINE ART HALL.

VIEW FROM THE FINE ART HALL, WITH THE FOUNTAIN "KWANON" PLAYING.

The exhibition, which is of an international character, is devoted to agriculture, forestry, marine products, machinery, the fine arts, national products, transport, and zoology. There is a fine aquarium.

THE FLEET'S FAREWELL TO PRESIDENT LOUBET: THE SCENE OFF DOVER.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DOVER.



BRITISH WAR-SHIPS SPEEDING THE PARTING REPUBLICAN GUEST, JULY 9.

The French war-ship "Guichen," conveying M. Loubet, was escorted by a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers. As she cast off, the Fleet fired salutes, and the band of each vessel played the "Marseillaise." A remarkable effect was lent to the scene by the volumes of black smoke which poured from the "Guichen's" four funnels.

ENGLAND'S CHIEF WATER CARNIVAL:

WINNERS AT HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.



THE WINNERS OF THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP: TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, BEATS KINGSTON ROWING CLUB BY A LENGTH.



THE WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: LEANDER CLUB BEATS THIRD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, BY SIX FEET.

THE WINNER OF THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS: F. S. KELLY, LEANDER, BEATS J. BERSFORD, KENSINGTON, BY TWENTY LENGTHS.



THE WINNERS OF THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE: MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, BEATS ETON COLLEGE BOAT CLUB BY A LENGTH AND THREE FEET.

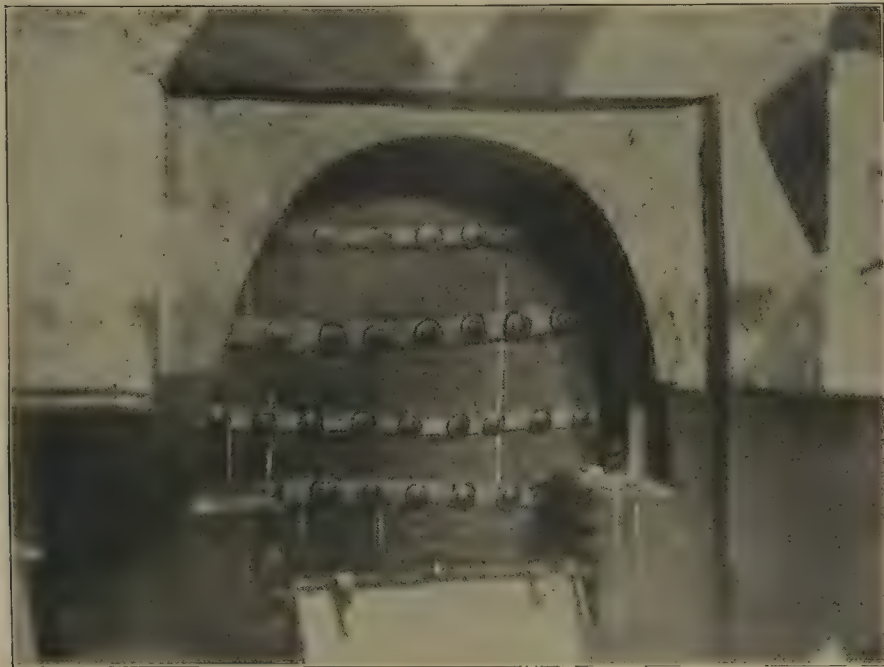


THE WINNERS OF THE SILVER GOWLETS: VICTORIA ROWING CLUB, BERLIN, BEATS KINGSTON ROWING CLUB BY TEN LENGTHS.



THE WINNERS OF THE STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP: THIRD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, WON BY A LENGTH AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE EMIR OF KANO AND THE ARCHITECTURE OF HIS AUDIENCE CHAMBER.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE EMIR'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.



THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF THE EMIR.



THE ORNAMENTATION OF THE ROOF OF THE EMIR'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.



THE BRITISH OFFICIAL IN POSSESSION: SIR F. LUGARD AT WORK IN THE EMIR'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.



MURAL DECORATION AT KANO: THE WALLS OF THE EMIR'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE BARNACLE'S STORY.

Yesterday I picked up on the beach a fragment of wood to which was attached a group of barnacles. Under that name there are different animals popularly designated. My barnacles were properly so called. They were the representative members of their family. Each had a long fleshy stalk, at the end of which the animal enclosed in its "shell" was found. Near neighbours of the barnacles are found in the shape of the little acorn-shells which encrust stones and rocks, and which bring disaster to the feet of the bather who happens to tread upon them.

We may try to determine the zoological relations of our find by the sea as a very fitting introduction to the story of the barnacles at large. From the egg of the animal there is developed a creature quite unlike its parent. It appears on the scene, first of all, as a little actively swimming body called a Nauplius. This creature possesses a pear-shaped form. It boasts, like Cyclops of old, of a single median eye, and its back is protected by a kind of shell. It may moult so as to give room for bodily increase, and it may develop spinous processes from its body. Later on come three pairs of legs, useful for swimming purposes. This nauplius-baby ultimately comes to possess two compound eyes, and, thus provided, attains the end of its infantile stage. The next changes are interesting. It casts off the gear of infancy, and now develops a double shell, which is folded over on each side so as to enclose its body. There is no trace yet of any fixture in its history, for it is still a free swimming creature. The second and third pair of legs have gone the way of all flesh, and are replaced by six pairs of limbs used for swimming. These project from beneath the shell. It also produces a tail, which steers it like a rudder. The front pair of "legs" with which the nauplius-baby was provided have remained and have grown largely. Their future function is important, as we shall shortly observe.

While in this second (or "cypris") stage, it is asserted by zoologists, the young barnacle does not feed. It resembles the salmon in the river, or the butterfly in the chrysalis state. It has laid up for itself while in the nauplius condition a full store of nourishment, and in this way illustrates anew the saying that the child is father to the man. Now come the final stages of barnacle development. Our cypris attaches itself to some fixed body, or, at least, to something or other on which it is destined to spend its remaining days. That something may be a ship, or a bit of floating wood, or the back of a turtle, or even the skin of a whale. The process of fixing is interesting in itself. The front pair of legs—they are really "feelers"—grow long, and from them passes a cement, or marine glue, which securely attaches their possessor. Changes at once begin to appear when the fixing is completed. The shell of the cypris is replaced by another, that we see in the adult barnacle, composed of many pieces. The eyes disappear entirely. The mouth parts grow because the barnacle possesses an appetite, and demands food. The six pairs of legs of the cypris give place to twelve other appendages, which are those you see in the full-grown barnacle, sweeping in and out of the open shell to waft food to the animal. In this way the barnacle's fourth period has passed, and the stage of adult life is now attained.

Now, from all this history what have we learned regarding the real nature of the creature which is fixed to the wood? I reply that we have determined its true relationships. For, in the first place, we know that many animals belonging to a certain crustacean class—of which crabs and lobsters are the heads—pass through the same stages in the course of their development. Likeness in development always implies similarity of origin, and blood-relationship. There is a shrimp, for example, which passes through a nauplius and other stages. The water-fleas of the rivers also begin life in this guise, and end it in the cypris stage. Our barnacles are degenerate beings somewhat; for, in place of aspiring to higher things, they become fixed, immobile creatures. None the less are they members of the crab class. Huxley summed it all up when he described a barnacle as a degenerate crab fixed head-downwards in a shell, and which kicked its food into its mouth with its feet.

From our sea-borne bit of wood with its barnacles we thus learn one of the most important lessons which natural history has to teach us—the fact that in an animal's development we witness a panoramic picture, more or less distinct, of the evolution of its race. The interest attaching to the barnacles does not end here. Antiquaries will tell you of the "Topographia Hibernica" of Giraldus, written in the twelfth century, wherein that learned man tells us that many birds called "Bernace" are produced in barnacles and fly away into the sea from within the shells. Old Gerard, of London, author of the famous "Herball," published in 1597, gives also an account of certain trees whereon shellfishes grow. Out of them, he adds, come "the living foules we call Barnacles, in the North of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree geese." Having discoursed of many things, including "Grasses, Herbes, Shrubs, Trees, Mosses, and certaine Excrecences of the Earth," Gerard concludes his history with the recital of "this wonder of England. For which," he piously adds, "God's name be euer honoured and praised."

How came our ancients to suppose that the bernicle geese were produced from the barnacles of the sea? Max Müller says that confusion of names bred confusion of ideas. Bernicle geese were caught in Ireland, which is Hibernia, and were first called "Hiberniculæ." Drop the first syllable of this last word and you get Berniculæ, the name of the geese, confused with Bernaculæ, applied to the barnacles. Geese and shells became identical, and superstition, uncorrected by observation, did the rest.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

J VENKATARAMAN (Madras).—Solutions acknowledged below. We shall be pleased to hear from you at all times.

J SPALDING (Bolton).—It has not come under our notice.

W LAMBERT (Islington).—You must try again, and take it, as a rule, that the solutions of our problems never begin with a check.

H A THOMPSON.—We must refer you to some work on the openings.

H J M.—Thanks for your letter. Your problem shall appear.

A M SPARKS.—Thanks for problem. You may expect a report shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3084 received from F B (Worthing); of No. 3085 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and F B (Worthing); of No. 3086 from Hereward, W A Lillico (Glasgow), Emile Frau, G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), and H S Brandreth (Weybridge); of No. 3087 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Emile Frau, W A Lillico (Glasgow), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W Brown (Lurgan), Zeus, Reginald Milledge, and Silvio Martinelli (Vienna).

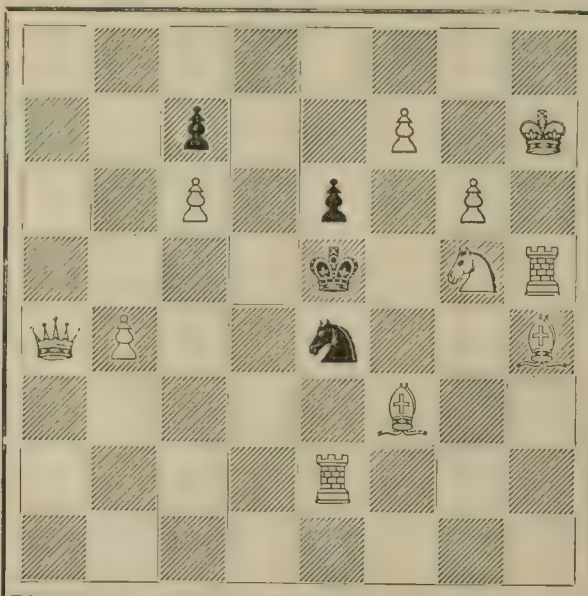
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3088 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), W M Eglinton (Birmingham), F J S (Hampstead), G R Clelland, Hereward, Emile Frau (Lyons), Clement C Danby, Martin F, C E Perugini, Reginald Gordon, J D Tucker (Ilkley), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Albert Wolff (Putney), T Roberts, Sorrento, Edith Corser (Reigate), W D Easton (Sunderland), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J W (Campsie), Laura Greaves (Shelton), L Desanges, F Henderson (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), R H Batsford, and W d'A Barnard (Uppingham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3087.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt sq. Any move.
2. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 3090.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. MARCO and MIESES.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Marco).	BLACK (Mr. Mises).	WHITE (Mr. Marco).	BLACK (Mr. Mises).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. R takes P	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	A weak move, suggesting the strength of the counter-attack was not fully realised. The hostile Knight at K Kt 4th is a standing menace to his position, and ought to be dealt with as quickly as possible.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
4. P to K 5th	Kt to K 4th	19. Q to Q 7th	B to B 4th
5. B to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th	20. P to Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
6. Castles		21. Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
Kt takes P is the book continuation, and leads to an even game. The text-move, however, is strong.		22. R to K 7th	
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	23. R to K 6th	P takes P
8. Kt to K sq	P to Kt 5th	24. K to R 5th	P takes P (dis. ch)
9. B takes Kt P	P takes P	25. Kt to B 3rd	R to K B sq
10. Q takes B	B takes B	26. Kt to R 3rd	P to B 7th
11. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	27. K to Kt sq	Kt to Q 7th (ch)
12. P to B 3rd	P to K R 4th		(dis. ch)
13. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 4th		
14. B takes P	Castles		
15. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Kt 5th		
The loss of the exchange is compulsory on Black, but he turns it to skilful account, and from this point the struggle goes in his favour.			
16. B takes R	Q takes B		White resigns.

CHESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Game played in Johannesburg between Messrs. R. W. BORDERS and F. J. LEE.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Kt takes K P	P to K B 4th
2. P takes P	Q takes P	14. Kt to B 5th	B tks Kt at K 3
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K sq	15. Kt to R 5th	P takes Kt
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	16. B takes R	P takes P
5. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	17. R to Q sq	Kt to Q 2nd
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to K R 3rd	18. B to B 6th	B to B 5th
7. B takes Kt	B takes B	19. B takes Kt (ch)	Q takes B
8. Kt to K 4th	B to Kt 2nd	20. P takes P	Q to K 3rd (ch)
The opening adopted by Black seems to have been his special favourite in this tourney. It is, however, here conducted on quite original lines.			
9. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
10. Q to Kt 3rd			
Castling was much better. White is altogether too eager to attack against an antagonist so clever in biding his time.			
11. Kt (B 3) to Kt 5	B to Kt 2nd		
12. B to B 3rd	P to K 3rd		
13. Q to B 2nd	B to Q 4th		
			White resigns.

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BIG BASKETS.

These are not the days of small things. The sportsman of the old school who was content to wander a whole September day through wet turnip-fields and was proud of his ten brace to his own gun is now extinct. His degenerate successors crave for a drive and a big shoot. The angler, too, has caught something of this fever, and is less satisfied with a quiet, contemplative time and a fair basket; he craves for more crowded and excited incidents, is impatient of mediocre results, and longs for something on the grand scale. When the fish are not moving to his mind, he would fain make his basket with a net, or by some more wholesale process than the older, slower way of picking up his trout one by one at varying intervals. A well-known peer, now deceased, an ardent and really successful clear-water worm-fisher, was liberal in promising a dish of trout to more of his friends than the fortunes of his rod enabled him to supply. When thus baulked, however, he found a way of escape by ordering out a net and sweeping the finest pools clear, and his fame as an expert rose steadily year by year till it transpired that his ready gifts were not the fruits of his angling skill, but the work of two stalwart gillies with a small-meshed net. If you are an angler of some experience, you are sceptical regarding the marvellous baskets reported from up the water. The gillie who was asked to account for such phenomena hit the situation exactly when he threw out the suggestion that the baskets were not bigger in that quarter, but that the narrators were only a little more shameless in their lying.

Still, at rare intervals, a few times in your life, the three-starred days do come when your basket grows by steady accretions till its weight becomes a weary burden, and your aching shoulders cry out under the unwonted strain. These are the days that cling to the memory, and if you have any Wordsworthian leanings, you sympathise with the poet's sentiment that found in such experiences "life and food for future years." And where is the angler who, as he trudges to the river-bank on a fine morning, has not the glowing hope, in spite of repeated failures, that this auspicious day will produce a record basket brimful of spotted trout? For years he has been waiting for such a consummation; but it is long, long in coming. Heavy baskets are exceptional rarities, and come but seldom; and although they are put on record and duly chronicled, and the concomitant circumstances in all their particularity oftentimes narrated, and handed on, not losing anything in the transmission, they occupy a disproportionate prominence, an appearance of frequency contrary to fact. The one happy day is remembered while the ninety and nine days of mediocre things are ignored or forgotten. The red-letter episodes lay hold of the retina, and obliterate their duller brethren.

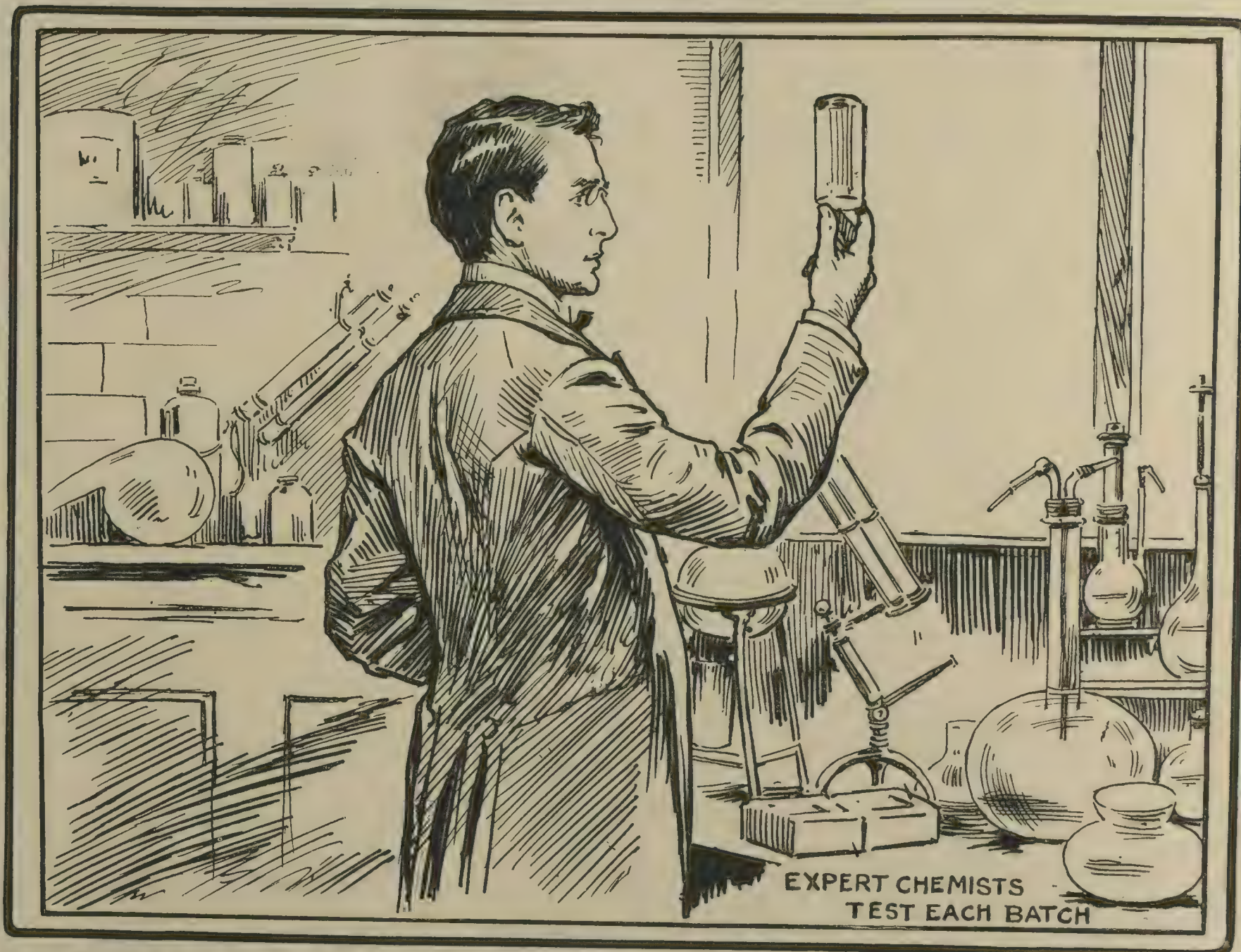
So many factors go to the making of a perfectly successful and ideal fishing day—the state of the river, the colour and volume of the water, the condition of the weather, the temperature of the air and of the stream, the direction and character of the wind, and even the mood of the angler himself—that it is not unreasonable to suppose that the days on which all are equally favourable and combine to form a harmonious unity will be but few in the fishing calendar. Given one factor in opposition, and the success of the day's sport is marred. How easy it is to find excuses for indifferent results! Thunder in the air, frost during the night, water too clear, the fish glutted with flies yesterday and now suffering from repletion, the barometer falling with the certainty of a flood in prospect—one or other of these apologies may easily be found. Now, if it were one's business to do nothing else but angle every day of the angling year, the fisher would be sure to hit upon all the good days of the season, and would be certain that he had not missed one golden opportunity, except, indeed, it were on Sundays, which are invariably perfect days for sport. The gillie who said that there had been but three good fishing days that season, and "two o' them were snappit up wi' the Sawbath," was a philosophic observer. If the angler lived by the water's edge and could see from his own door the blending of favourable circumstances, things would be different; but your modern fisherman, to whom the pastime brings most zest and enjoyment, either has odd days only or short periods of holiday, when he must take his pleasures under such conditions as offer. He cannot select his day—he must trust to his luck; and how often is his trust misplaced! As often as not he finds, when he has set up his rod, that he might as well have been at golf, for his first few casts tell him forcibly that the big basket of his dreams will not be a *fait accompli* that day. The warmth of yesterday tempted him; but it has only melted the snow on the distant hills, and the river is heavy and dark and impossible. The morning was bright and promising, but his heart fails him when he sees the volume of water and when he tests its chill temperature. No doubt by dint of strenuous labour and infinite patience he will secure a few stragglers, but as a piece of genuine enjoyment his day is a failure.

Nowhere is the delusive experience of a short-lived "take" more common than in fishing for sea-trout. These sportive fish come at the fly with a wild vigour that is, while it lasts, truly exhilarating; but, as a rule, their period of activity is brief, and when full—easy man, you think your basket is fated to be full—suddenly the spell is broken, the "take" is over for a day, and your catch is after all but moderate. So, too, in April, when the brown trout are greediest; but the duration of their rise is all too brief; the same experience holds. The moral is to be up and doing while the movement is rampant, to lose not a moment in landing each fish. It is not meet to sit chatting on the bank at such a juncture; this is not the most felicitous opportunity for nibbling your lunch or ravelling your cast into a Gordian knot. The March Browns are sailing down the current like a miniature herring-fleet with brown sails spread, and every trout is greedy. *Occasionem cognosce.*

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LADIES' PAGES.

"A l'Union des Nations" was the pretty motto which the French colony of Soho chose to hang across one of the roads leading from Leicester Square into that network of streets where every second shop has a French inscription above it and the Gallic language is heard more often than the native tongue. The days were pleasant that were dedicated even verbally to "The Union of the Nations," and there was something positively romantic about the fact that the first State Ball of King Edward the Seventh's reign was given in honour of the erstwhile peasant lad who now sits worthily as President in the chief seat of State among our Republican neighbours. A State Ball is one of the most exclusive of our own Court entertainments. Multitudes of ladies have been to a Drawing-Room who never have seen, and never will see, a State Ball. Nearly every member of the royal family was present on this occasion, and the gowns were exceptionally beautiful. The immense majority of them were white, in one of its shades ranging between the clear pallor of chalk and the almost yellow of old cream.

Her Majesty, whose dress at the gala performance at the Opera was white, wore at the Ball pale yellow embroidered most exquisitely in mauve orchids. The Duchess of Portland was in white satin embroidered with pale pink, and her ornaments included many emeralds, the whole effect being very artistic. The Duchess of Westminster, in white mousseline-de-soie worked all over lightly with silver spangles, had diamond and turquoise ornaments. The Marchioness of Londonderry's white satin was brocaded with a rose, shamrock, and thistle design outlined with gold; the sleeves were very unusual, being long drooping ones of tulle almost covered with lace, and caught up with very large bows of diamonds near the shoulder. There was a complete stomacher of diamonds, and a pearl necklace with a diamond one also, and Lady Londonderry's famous high crown of diamonds tipped with big pearls completed a magnificent appearance. The Countess of Wicklow's youthful beauty was adorned by the long sprays and clusters of pink roses with which her white tulle and lace gown was trimmed; and Countess Annesley was another beautiful woman in white; accordion-pleated chiffon alternated with panels of exquisite silver embroidery caught on with large sprays of imitation wisteria in crystal and paste.

Black gowns, though sparingly intermingled, contrasted admirably with the white; and when elaborately embroidered (as it usually was) in jet and worn with many diamonds and pearls black carried out its traditional capacity for becoming a fair woman's beauty. Viscountess Duncannon's black mousseline-de-soie was



WHITE MUSLIN FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

heavily embroidered in jet and silver; while the Countess of Bandon had her black tulle dress embroidered all over with a dainty tracery of black sequins, and placed above white silk veiled with one layer of white chiffon. Pale blue was patronised for some very lovely gowns. Lady Ashburton had a dress of cloth-of-silver covered with pale-blue chiffon edged with a line of embroidery done in brilliants; a deep swathed belt of pale-blue chiffon was edged with lines of this brilliant embroidery, and then was pinned down to the figure all round with beautiful ornaments in real diamonds. Over the bosom dropped chains of pearls. Lady Maud Lygon wore pale-blue satin trimmed with écu lace flounces on which were placed ruches of pale-blue tulle. Lady Angela Forbes had a very pretty and youthful dancing-dress of pale-blue chiffon with a deep flounce of Brussels lace round the foot, and above it an embroidery of fern-leaves in blue baby-ribbon with silver and diamanté paillettes flecking it all over; the waistband was of blue and heliotrope chiffon mingled, with long ends of the two colours hanging down at the left side. Pink, though it is so beautiful an evening colour, was very seldom selected. It was worn in the royal circle by Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the deep tone of the satin softened by being veiled with white tulle embroidered in mother-of-pearl. An original and very beautiful dress was the Hon. Mrs. Oliphant's; there was a white satin under-dress, over which came a veiling of mousseline painted with clusters of pink roses, which gleamed delicately through the over-dress of net heavily embroidered in mother-of-pearl. M. Loubet must have felt that, at any rate, a Court produces splendid spectacles and brilliant gatherings of grace and valour.

Hardly less splendid, albeit less aristocratic, was the great Costume Ball held on behalf of the Charing Cross Hospital at the Royal Albert Hall. Most of the dancing contingent wore fancy dress, but many chaperons and "heavy fathers" contented themselves with ordinary evening garb. The scene became splendid when, half an hour after midnight, the arranged dances were given. The ordinary guests drew aside into the boxes and edge of the great Hall, and into the arena there came the stately men and fair ladies who had rehearsed special dances. The "peeresses' quadrille" was danced by ladies of rank all dressed in Louis XV. costumes. Even more interesting were the "Pavane," or peacock dance, and the minuet. The slow stately grace of these dances of two centuries ago was charming, and one of the prettiest sights imaginable was seen as the ladies and their cavaliers, hand held high in hand, passed slowly and gracefully, still with the minuet step, across the Hall for their exit.

Mrs. Charles Carson is to be congratulated on her very successful garden-party on behalf of the

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(BURLINGTON GARDENS END.)

Actors' Orphanage. It was held in the extensive grounds of The Elms, Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, by permission of Lady Harris, the widow of Sir Augustus, the famous manager of Drury Lane. It is quite a surprise that there should be so fine and large a garden so near the centre of town, and over a thousand people accepted the invitation to spend a few hours on the turf and under the great trees of the garden, listening to the dramatic entertainment arranged by Mr. Acton Bond, and the music organised by Mr. Arthur Wellesley, and watching the beautifully dressed and pretty members of "the" profession who strolled about. Mrs. Carson kept the bar, and was aided by Miss Lily Hanbury, in white silk trimmed with lace, and Miss Phyllis Broughton, in white mousseline-de-soie and a white chip hat turned up at one side with a big black ostrich feather. Lady Harris wore a lovely gown of Irish lace over blue mousseline-de-soie, and a blue tulle hat. Miss Esmé Beringer looked handsome in white face-cloth, and Mrs. Tree wore a grey and heliotrope flowered muslin.

When Pope Leo XIII. made a marvellous recovery from a supposedly fatal illness a few years ago, his extraordinary vitality was explained to the faithful as having been the acceptance by Heaven of the voluntary sacrifice of certain nuns who prayed that the life of one or more of their number might be accepted in place of that of the supreme Pontiff. The belief that this self-sacrifice was accepted by Heaven was widely spread among devout Catholics of the lower orders. But if such vicarious payment of the penalty of mortality were permitted, the Pope might live for ever; for assuredly the number of nuns willing to die to preserve the Holy Father's life would have been unlimited. There are very strange things in Heaven and earth all the same, and one of them is exemplified in the *Sketch* of last week, where there is a most curious and interesting development of a photographic plate of Canon Knox-Little. The Canon is seen to be accompanied by a miniature image of himself, very much smaller, not standing in quite the same attitude, nor wearing the same expression—in short, the camera has clearly revealed the existence of what the ancient Egyptians believed in and depicted upon their monuments under the title of the "Ka." This was precisely what is seen in the photograph: a miniature reproduction of the individual, which followed him everywhere, and was, in fact, the spiritual emanation from his personality, showing more clearly than himself, because not liable to be altered or concealed by the will, the character and past record of the man. The "Ka" was supposed to be the indestructible part of the personality—that which would at some future time be reincarnated, if possible, in the same body preserved by mummifying; but the "Ka" was somehow thought also to have had some of the functions of a guardian spirit to fulfil. It is curious to see a



A CHIC YACHTING DRESS.

"Ka" in a modern man's photograph, though it is only a photographer's blunder.

To deal adequately with the children of the world within the limits of a single volume is a task that would baffle most men and women, and though Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes have essayed the task in a beautifully prepared book, the measure of their success is not considerable. Mortimer Menpes is an experienced artist, a bold and clever colorist, a skilled draughtsman, but his pictures of the children we know best fail to suggest the individuality given by the titles. There are some cases where the artist is conspicuously happy, and others that may be taken on trust, but the background often serves as the most pronounced connection between the title and the picture, and some types are distinctly disappointing. If we were asked to look at the work simply as a collection of studies of children, criticism might hold its peace, and praise could fill its place; but the book aims at realism, and, in our judgment, fails to hit the mark. The letterpress is quite undistinguished. Genuine observation bears the same relation to general statements of little interest that the bread bore to the sack in Falstaff's famous tavern bill, and the essential matter in the two hundred and fifty pages that hold the letterpress might have been put into half the space without any loss to the reader. "World's Children" is a fine subject, but one that would demand from a man and a woman all the years of their life for its treatment, and even then the life might not be long enough, the observation might fail. It would be better to leave the children untouched than to deal with them in a superficial manner, and we cannot avoid the thought that the beautiful book before us has not been prepared with the care demanded by the subject-matter. A single volume might have been given to the country that artist and author know best with far more satisfactory results; for devotion to one country might have given us a complete acquaintance with its children. Mr. Menpes did not exhaust Japan in his book devoted to the country, and it is impossible to avoid the thought that he undertakes too much when he seeks to make the whole world his province. "World's Children" affords no more than a glimpse into child life of some score of countries, and by reason of the fascination of the author's theme we regret the limitations of its treatment. The book is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and the price is a sovereign.

One of our Illustrations shows a garden-party gown for the country, in all-white hemstitched muslin, with sash and tie of blue silk and hat trimmed with white and a touch of blue. The other gown is a yachting costume in blue serge or canvas, with a white piping and small gold buttons for decoration. FILOMENA.

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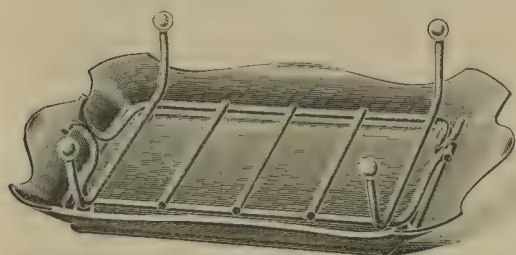
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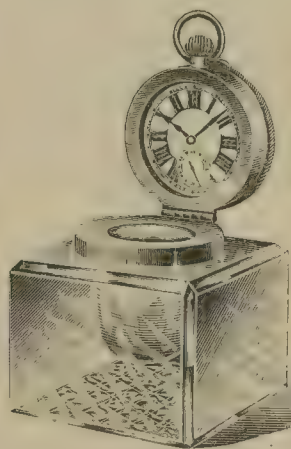
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ART NOTES.

Very unlike the usual gleanings from the Salon that come to Bond Street to announce that another Paris picture-season is over are the little group of paintings by M. le Sidaner that have been gathered together by Mr. Marchant in the Goupil Galleries. He is the master of a new mood and a fresh method in the seeing and treatment of the familiar grey twilight effect with the light of the cottage window. The scene had threatened to become hackneyed, but M. le Sidaner has given it an original turn. Perhaps his fine sense of composition supplies a distinction not universal to the painters of the school. There is no parade of it, but he makes it subtly felt. The impression of "Chartres in the Snow," vague as it is, achieves a delicacy which greater definiteness might easily lack.

Mr. Marchant has also been lucky enough to acquire in Paris an example of Diaz. It has the same rich rendering of an effect of marble in shadow which is already familiar to us in one of his works in the Wallace Collection. Diaz painting in the forest at Fontainebleau, with merely French trees before him, could not show his Spanish hand. It wore for the moment the Parisian glove; but when, as here, there was a piece of marble or a human figure, Diaz showed his race and the tradition that was his inheritance. Mr. Marchant has here a little passage of biography, as well as a very delightful passage of paint.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons have issued a revised catalogue of their Summer Exhibition, now varied by entries of new works added during the course of the season to their already noticed show. Our own second glances show us a Harpignies, entitled "Paysage, Ciel Orangeux"—a study of shadowed

heath. The Daubigny, "On the Seine," has all this master's charm; and one of the two Diaz pictures ranks, we think, among this artist's finer, if not finest, examples.

Also in the Haymarket, but at the gallery of Messrs. C. E. Clifford and Co., is to be seen an extensive

Mr. Herbert Draper's "Water Baby"—a baby always popular with country cousins in the windows of print-sellers in Regent Street. The "Coloured Sports" come from the brushes of Cecil Aldin, N. Drummond, J. B. Yeats, S. Lewin, A. Ludovici, G. D. Armour, H. Standring, A. Hammond, W. H. Byles, and H. Cox. The humours of the motor-car are portrayed by Mr. A. Ritchie in "A Trial Trip"; and Mr. John Hassall's clever, but hardly sportsmanlike, "After Dinner," puts a finish to the day and to the list.

Mr. John Sargent, R.A., who lingers in Spain, has some interesting commissions awaiting him on his return home. Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland are to be his sitters; and there is to be a family group at Blenheim to match the Vandyke. In spite of this and other portrait business, Mr. Sargent, we may hope, has brought enough notes from Seville Cathedral, and the dance of its choristers in the sanctuary there, to work into a picture. He has given us Spain and the dance in his early days; but never a dance like this, nor one in an environment so solemn and so gorgeous.

The popularisation of the beauties of British and Irish scenery has no more useful auxiliary than the railway, and to facilities for travel the great companies add the influence of picture and print. The Midland Railway is particularly alive to the advantages of this method, and has this year issued some charming handbooks, which not only tempt the tourist to travel, but aid him with all information necessary to his journey. The brochures deal with excursions in the Peak district, the Lake district, Scotland and Ireland, and may be had on application to any Midland agent.



THE SPENCER AIR-SHIP TRIAL AT RANELAGH, JULY 11: STARTING THE VESSEL.

The new air-ship, designed by Mr. Stanley Spencer, consists of a torpedo-like balloon, to which is hung a bamboo framework carrying a twenty-four horse power petrol motor, which drives a screw (or "tractor," for it is placed at the bow) of light pine, covered with woven fabric. The rudder is like a triangular sail. On July 11, through some miscalculation in balance, the vessel did not rise as was expected, and the screw, after proving its power of traction, came in contact with a post and was damaged. Mr. Spencer then ascended without an engine, and descended safely near Ongar.

collection of etchings, engravings, and mezzotints, as well as a set of what the catalogue calls "Coloured Sports." The engravings show subjects new and old from Sir Joshua's "Hope Nursing Love" up to

necessary to his journey. The brochures deal with excursions in the Peak district, the Lake district, Scotland and Ireland, and may be had on application to any Midland agent.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1902) of Mr. Forrester Britten, of Shermanbury Grange, Henfield, Sussex, who died on May 13, was proved on July 2 by Mrs. Penelope Anne Britten, the widow, Colonel Forrester Furnell Colvin, the nephew, and Francis Millett Rickards, the executors, the value of the estate being £212,639. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his nephews Colonel Colvin, Forrester Cecil Britten, and Charles Richard Britten, his grand-nephews John Forrester Colvin and George Colvin, and his niece Violet Emma Britten; £5000 to his brother Admiral Richard Britten; £5000 and the household furniture to his wife; £1000 each to Beatrice Mary Colvin, Richard Rouse Colvin, Richard Beale Colvin, and Cecil Hodgson Colvin; £500 each to the Sussex County Hospital and the National Life-Boat Institution; and £100 each to seven godchildren. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life or widowhood, then to his nephew Colonel Colvin for his life, and then to Forrester Cecil Britten, Charles Richard Britten, John Forrester Colvin, and George Colvin in equal shares. Should Mrs. Britten again marry, an annuity of £1500 is to be paid to her.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1898), with three codicils (dated Jan. 24 and June 13, 1899, and Dec. 4, 1902), of Mr. William Gundry Mills, of 63, Avenue Road,

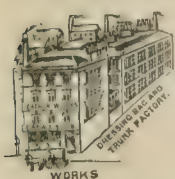


A YACHTING CUP.

The challenge cup figured above was presented to the Royal Thames Yacht Club to commemorate the recent Coronation by Lieut.-Colonel Clifford Probyn, J.P., Mayor of the City of Westminster, 1901-2. It is sailed for by yachts of any rig between fifty and one hundred tons (Thames measurement), from the Nore to Dover, outside the Goodwins. The makers were Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158 to 162, Oxford Street.

St. John's Wood, and Torpey Par Station, Cornwall, who died on June 2, was proved on July 6 by Mrs. Anna Ellen Mills, the widow, William Gundry Mills, the son, Thomas Mills, the brother, and Andrew Johns, the executors, the value of the estate being £149,737. The testator gives £200 to Andrew Johns; the household furniture, etc., to his wife; the farms and land called Tregamellyn to his son Percy; £100 each to his brother Thomas and his sister Mrs. Marianna Moon; and legacies to clerks in the employ of the firm of Gundry Mills and Co. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, the share of his sons to be in the same ratio as three is to two to the share of his daughters.

The will (dated June 12, 1899) of Mr. Thomas Best, of 23, Wheelleys Road, Edgbaston, who died on June 1, has been proved by Richard Corbett Jarvis and Henry Munslow, the executors, the value of the estate being £142,661. The testator bequeaths the following legacies to charitable institutions at Birmingham—namely, £5000 each to the General Hospital, the General Dispensary, and the Bluecoat School; £4000 each to the Blind Institution and the Deaf and Dumb Institution; £3000 to Queen's Hospital; £2000 each to the Children's Hospital, the Orthopaedic Hospital, the Women's Hospital, and the Skin and Urinary Hospital; and £1000 each to the Ear and Throat Hospital, the Eye Hospital, the Homœopathic Hospital, the Lying-in

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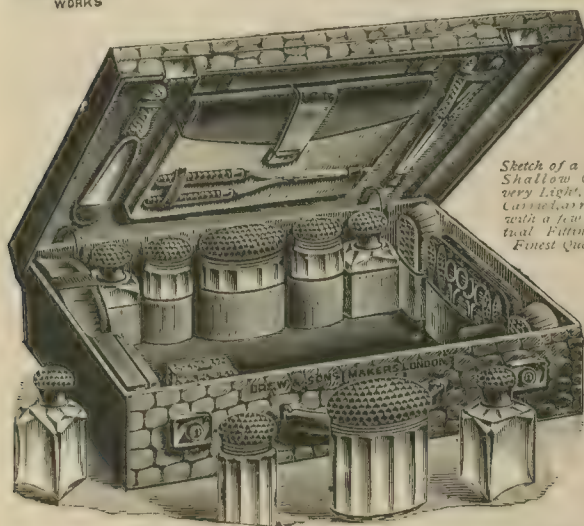
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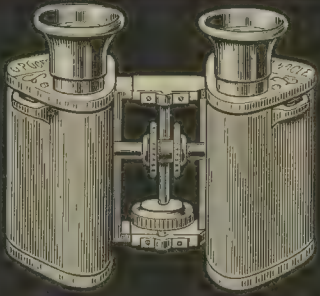
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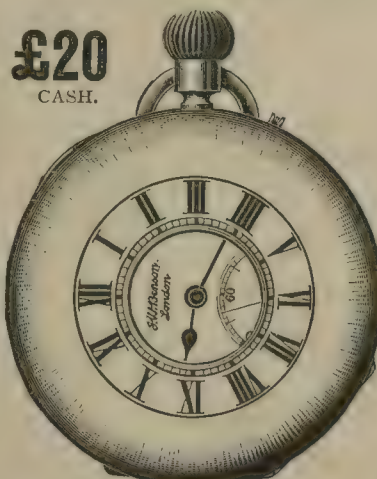
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Charity, the Home for Orphans, the Home for Friendless Girls, the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, Middlemore's Homes, Middlemore's Emigration Homes, and the Brassfounders' Trade Society. He also bequeaths £2000 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £2000 to the Home for Incurables (Leamington); and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to the Mayor and Corporation of Birmingham in aid of such charitable and benevolent institutions in Birmingham and the Midland counties, including educational institutions which receive public subscriptions, as they may think fit.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1899), with three codicils (dated July 17, 1901, and two dated May 5, 1903), of Mr. George Gurney, of Devonshire Place, Eastbourne, who died on May 20, was proved on July 3 by the Rev. Frederick Anthony Lefroy and James Frederick Burton, the executors, the value of the estate being £95,459. The testator gives the freehold premises, 83, Gracechurch Street, to his daughter Mrs. Lefroy; £12,500, in trust, for his daughter Annie Maude Gurney; £5000, in trust, for his grandson Francis Edwin Gurney; £5000, in trust, for his son Harry Edwin Gurney; £1000 to the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital, Eastbourne, and £200 to the matron, Miss Ramsay; £500 each

to his executors; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each, in trust, for his three children.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1891), with two codicils (dated Nov. 12, 1902), of Mr. Henry Holmes Sutherland, of 2, Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 9, was proved on June 25 by Mrs. Annie Sinclair Sutherland, the widow, and Evan Alexander Jack, two of the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £61,260. The testator gives an annuity of £160 to his sister Eliza Sutherland; £300 to his niece Barbara Caroline Wishart; £250 to Mr. Jack; and £500 and the household chattels to his wife. The residue of his property is to be held, in trust, to make such allowances to his children as his executors may think fit, and subject thereto for his wife for life, and on her decease the ultimate residue is to be divided into four parts, three of which are to be divided between his sons Henry Holmes and Evan Alexander, and one, held in trust, for his daughter Annie Janet.

The will and codicil of Mr. Charles Gilbert Vicary, of The Dyrons, Highweek, Devon, who died on Dec. 20, was proved on June 15 by Mrs. Octavia Vicary, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £53,589. The testator gives his share and interest (but not capital) in the firm of John Vicary and

Sons to his sons Charles Lane and Gilbert; and £5000 and during her widowhood the income from certain house property and from one half of his residuary estate to his wife. Should Mrs. Vicary again marry, an annuity of £100 is to be paid to her. Subject thereto he gives house property at Highweek to his sons Charles and Gilbert; and the ultimate residue in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated June 23, 1896) of Major-General Sir Edmund Frederick Du Cane, K.C.B., of 10, Portman Square, who died on June 7, was proved on June 24 by Lieutenant-Colonel Hubert John Du Cane and the Rev. Edmund Arthur Du Cane, the sons, and Louis Charles Du Cane, the nephew, the executors, the value of the property being £24,054. The testator bequeaths to his wife £300, and the wines and consumable stores, horses and carriages, and the income from £7000; and to his children the residue of his estate and effects.

During the visit of the French President to the new home of the Association of French Governesses in England, on July 7, Mr. Daniel Mayer, of Erard's London house, was presented to the President by the French Ambassador and heartily thanked for his handsome gift of a 300-guinea grand piano to the institute in commemoration of M. Loubet's visit.



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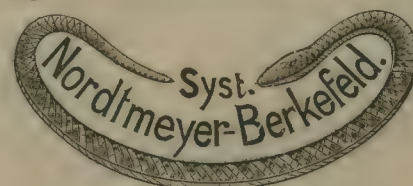
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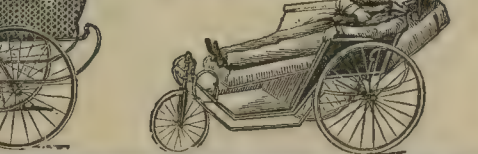
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Fearon, who has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Winchester in succession to the late Bishop Suffragan of Southampton, was born at Assington Vicarage, Suffolk, in 1841. He was Head Master of Winchester College from 1884 to 1901, and was made Honorary Canon of Winchester in 1889.

Bishop Welldon is to be at Westminster Abbey for a term lasting until July 31. The Bishop's health is greatly improved, and he has been able to do all the usual work of a Canon in residence. His sermons have been heard by large congregations, including many Americans.

There was no great rush of the general public to the Sunday School Union's Centenary meetings. The morning sessions at the Memorial Hall were attended chiefly by the earnest friends of Sunday schools and by English and American Sunday-school teachers. Perhaps the most attractive session was that of July 9, when the speakers included Mr. Albert Spicer, Professor John Adams, M.A., of London University, and the Rev.

J. Morgan Gibbon. The best evening meeting was the rally of workers and young people at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, where Lord Aberdeen took the chair. The Rev. C. H. Kelly and Gipsy Smith delighted the immense gathering by their humorous and earnest speeches. The Sunday School Union is fortunate in its President, Mr. F. F. Belsey, and in its clever Secretary, the Rev. Carey Bonner, who won his spurs as a Christian Endeavourer.

The Bishop of Kensington will be away from home in August and September, but he hopes that it may be possible to summon a conference of unbeneficed clergy in the deaneries in his district during the autumn.

The Rev. the Hon. Albert V. Lyttelton, who left Hawarden over twenty-two years ago to recruit his health in South Africa, will join the Hawarden staff of clergy about the middle of August as priest-in-charge of Pent-robin. Mr. Lyttelton has latterly been working in the poorest parts of Southwark (London).

The Rector of Wolferton, the Rev. Francis A. S. Ffolkes, has been appointed by the King to be one of

his chaplains in the place of the late Canon Moberly. Mr. Ffolkes has been working in the diocese of Norwich ever since his ordination in 1886, and in 1897 the King presented him to the parish of Wolferton, which is the next parish to Sandringham.

One of the most interesting drawing-room meetings of the season was that held at Lord Kinnaird's house in aid of the work carried on at Whitechapel Parish Church. Among those present were Lady Wimborne and Bishop Taylor Smith. The Rev. A. J. Poynder, Rector of Whitechapel, was heard with attention as he described the present position in his parish. He mentioned that out of the total population of twenty-three thousand no fewer than fifteen thousand were foreigners. It was a mistake to neglect these foreigners, as their children would be members of the Empire. The money required for the church's agencies could not be collected locally, for the people were continually shifting. An income of £2800 a year was necessary in order that the parish should be properly worked, and at present nearly £7000 is required to put the fabric into thorough repair.

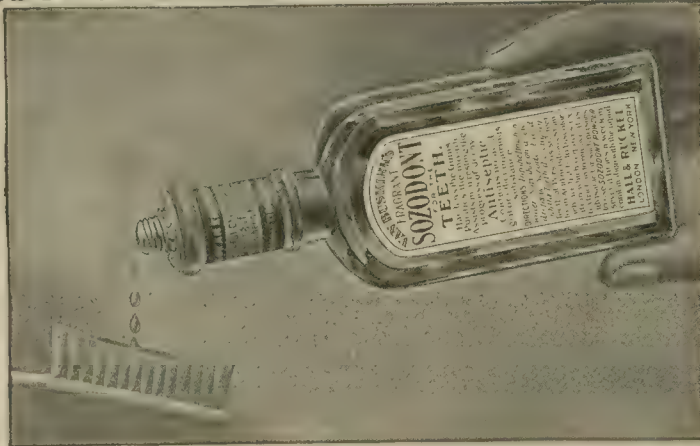
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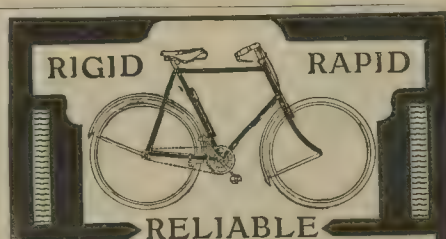
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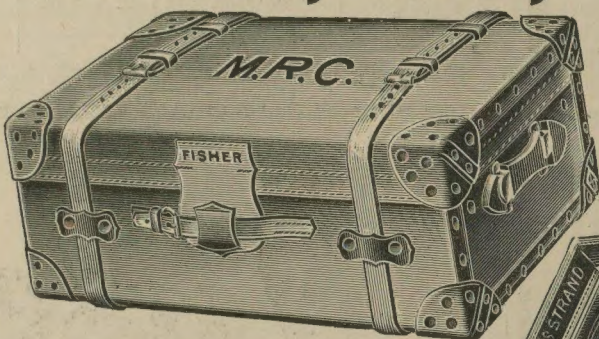
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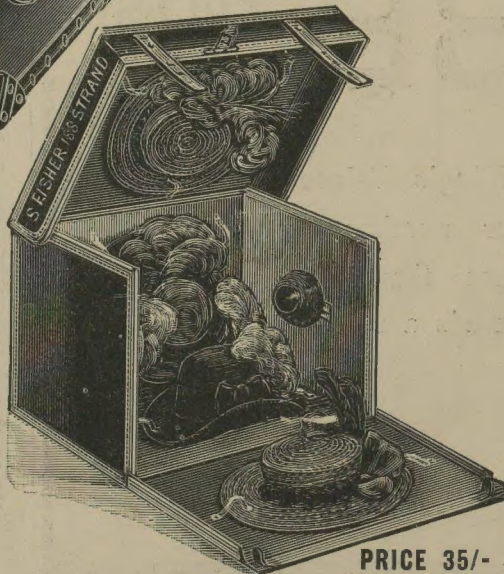
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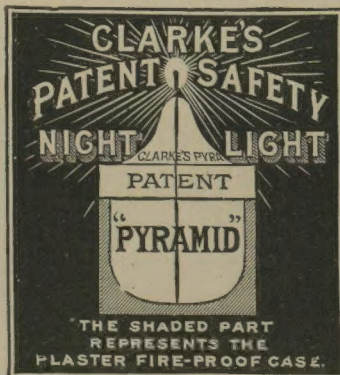
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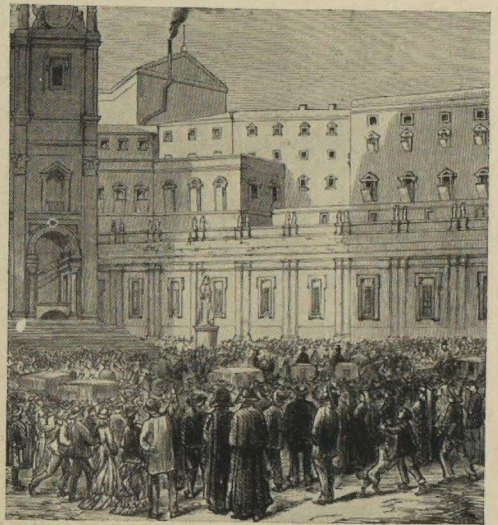
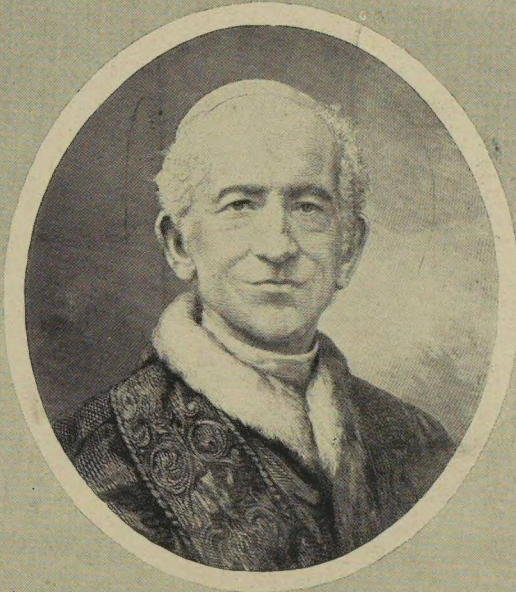
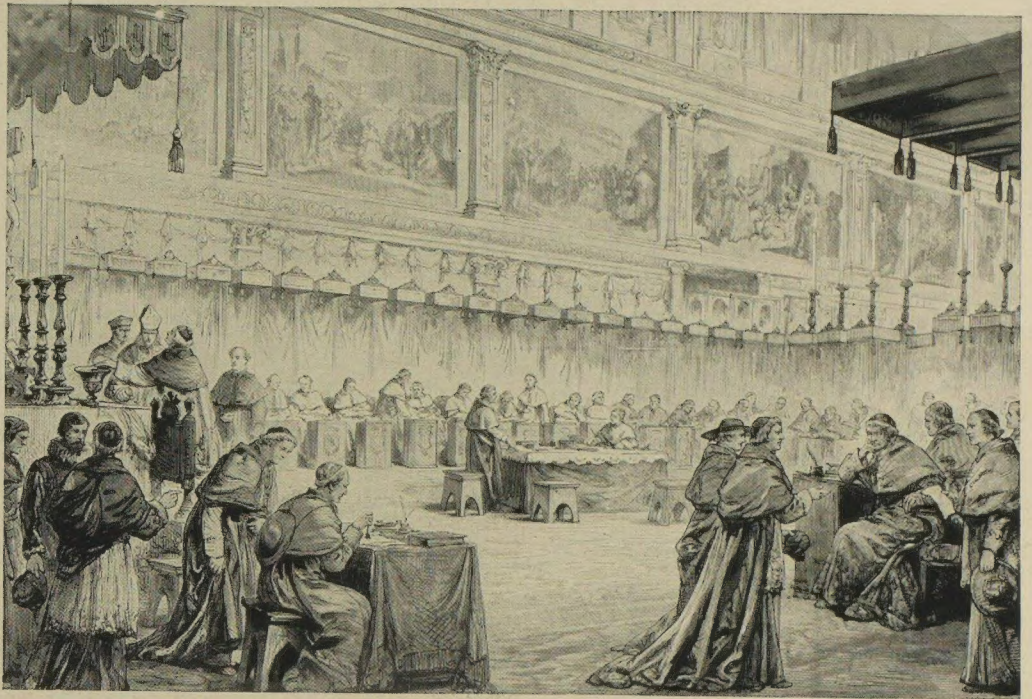
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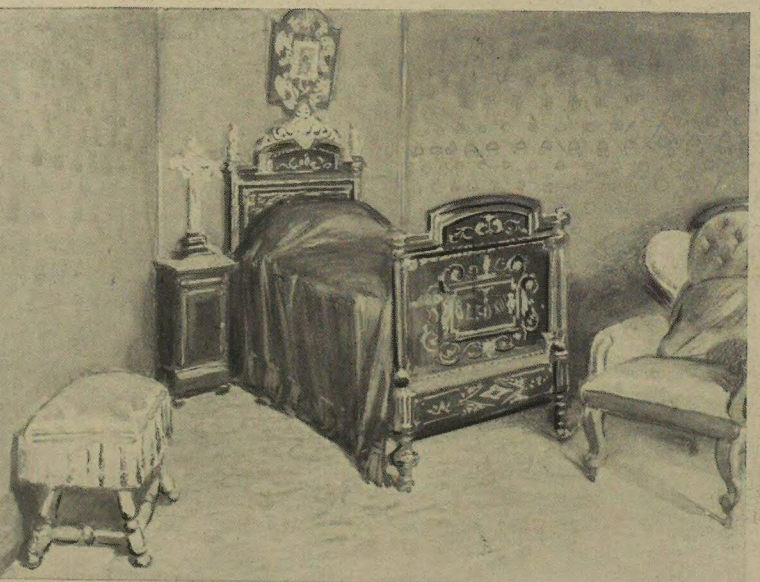
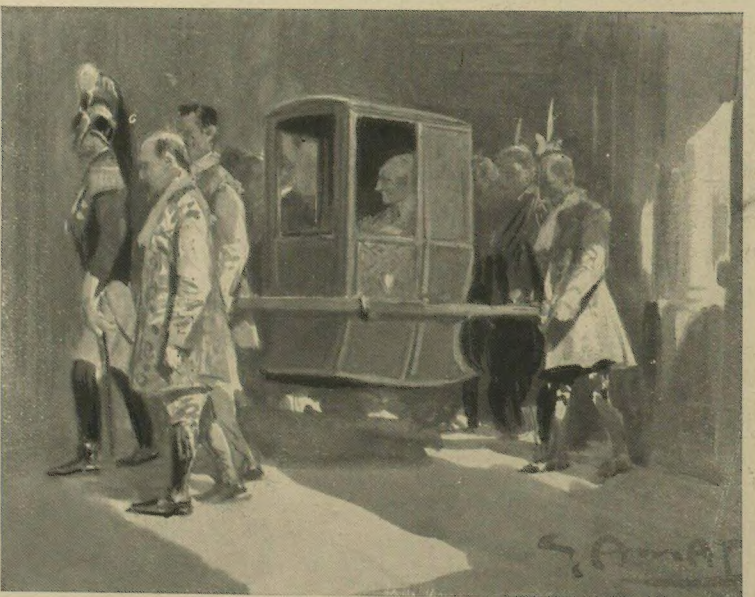


THE LATE POPE LEO XIII.

A STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT BY H. J. THADDEUS.

Joachim Pecci, the late Pontiff, was the son of Count Ludovico Pecci. He was born March 2, 1810; and succeeded to the See of Peter February 18, 1878.

THE DEATH OF POPE LEO XIII: SCENES OF THE LATE PONTIFF'S DAILY LIFE.



THE POPE ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE.—[Photo. Abeniacar.]

THE POPE ADMIRING THE HORSES SENT TO HIM BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF OLMÜTZ.—[Photo. Abeniacar.]

PAVILION IN THE VATICAN GARDENS WHERE THE POPE RESTED DURING HIS WALKS.

LEO XIII. RECEIVING ENGLISH PILGRIMS, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

LEO XIII. RECEIVING KING EDWARD VII., APRIL 29, 1903.

LEO XIII. WITH HIS MINISTER, CARDINAL RAMPOLLA, AND MONSIGNOR DELLA VOLPE.

LEO XIII. IN HIS SEDAN CHAIR RETURNING TO HIS APARTMENTS.

THE LATE POPE'S SUMMER BED-CHAMBER IN AN EMBRASURE OF THE LEONINE TOWER AT THE VATICAN.